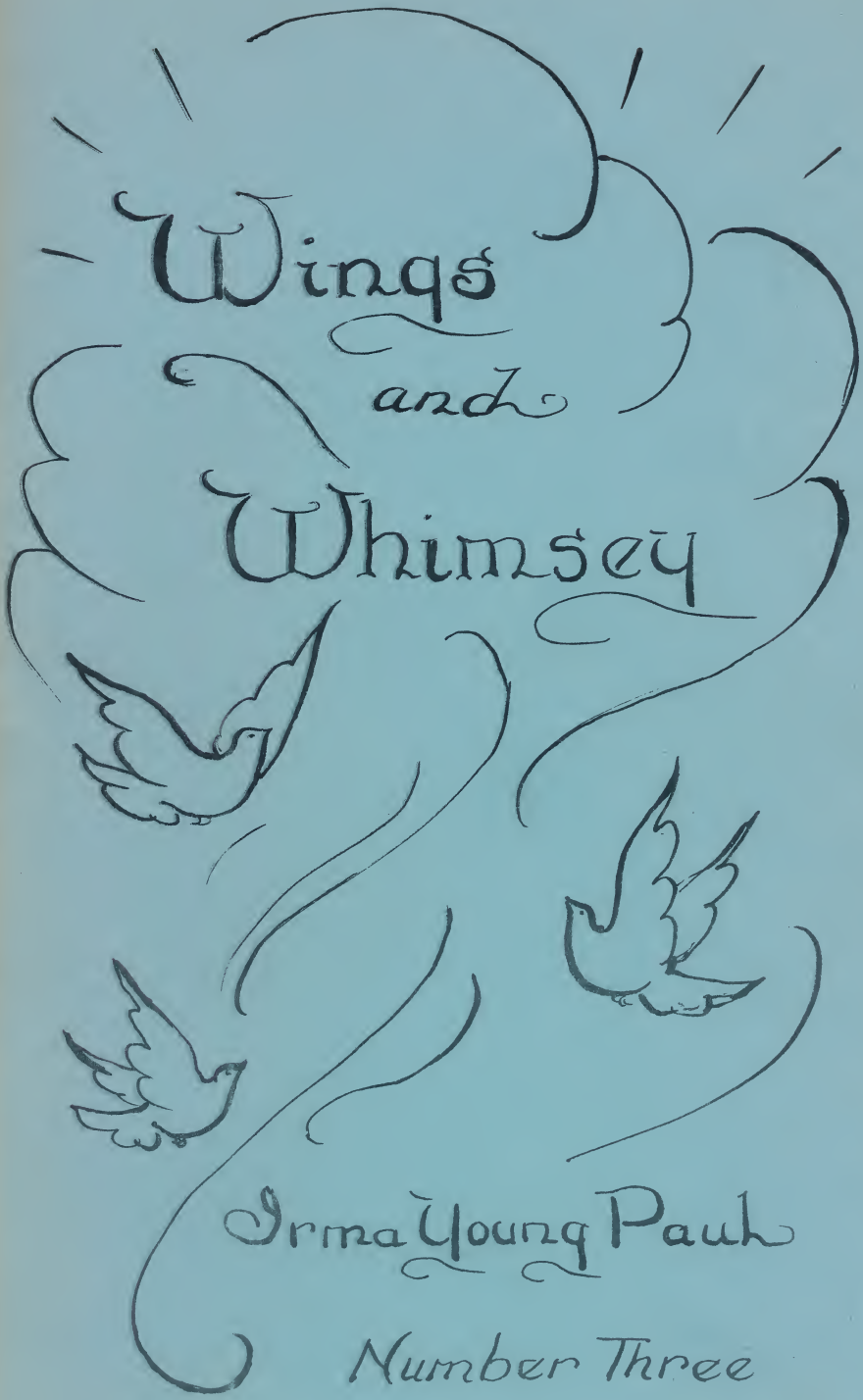
Wings and Whimsey



Irma Young Pauk

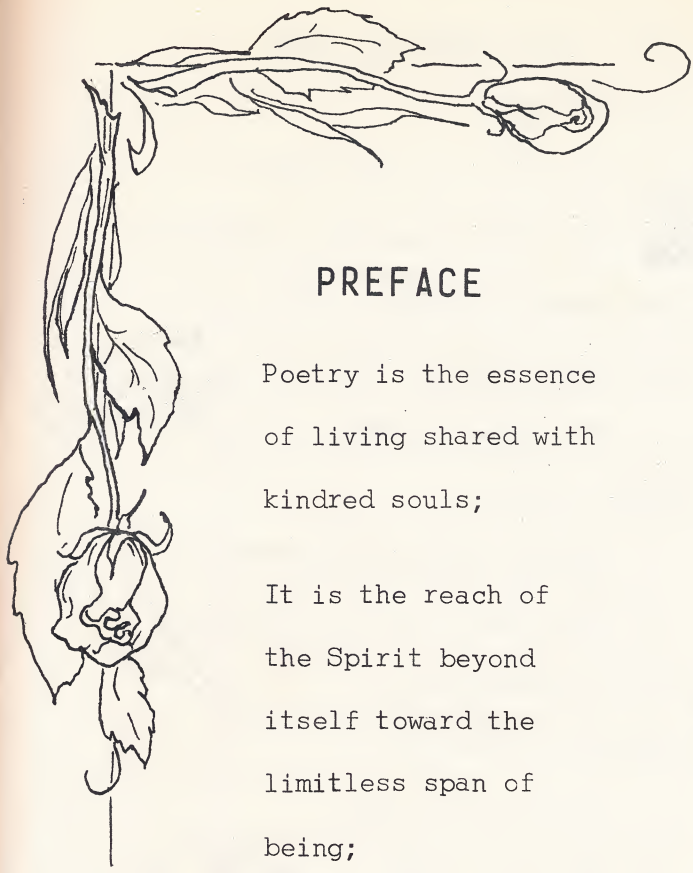
Number Three

To my beloved

amily and

riends

old and new

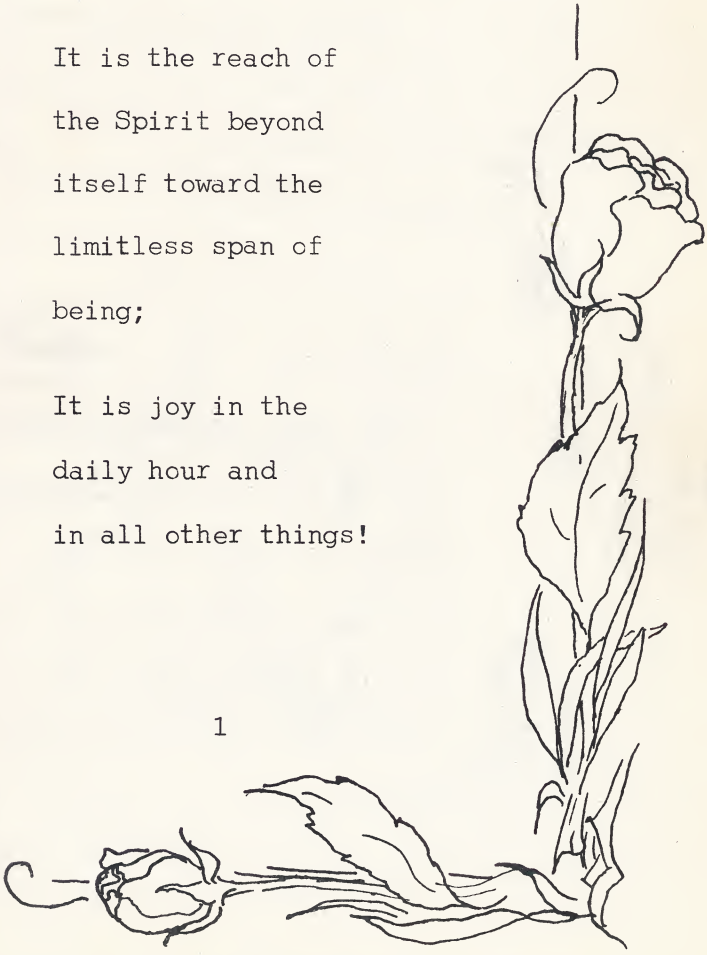


PREFACE

Poetry is the essence
of living shared with
kindred souls;

It is the reach of
the Spirit beyond
itself toward the
limitless span of
being;

It is joy in the
daily hour and
in all other things!



THE HANDS OF MAN



Hands of Man:

Grasping and demanding,

Striking, clenched, commanding,

Instruments of life

And never-ending strife --

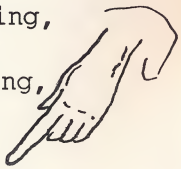
The Hands of Man!



Hands of Man:

Broken, worn, and pleading,

Reaching, lifting, leading,



Life's interpreters,

Constant executors --

The Hands of Man!





Hands of Man:

Gentle, supplicating,

Patient in their waiting,



Father, use them still

To carry out Thy will --

Our Inept hands!





DEEP ROOTS

Deep roots are mine

Within this fertile soil.

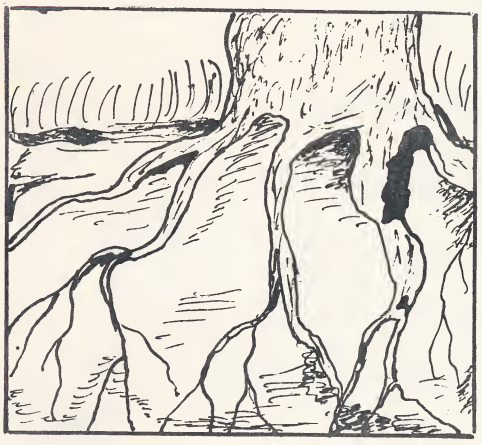
They anchor firm with dreams and toil;

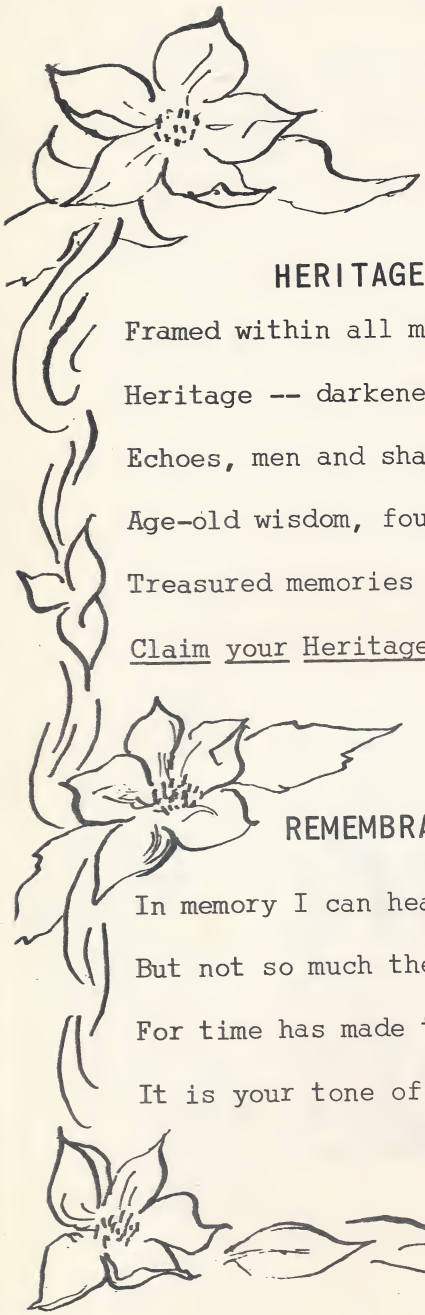
They strengthen with the years

And with warm memories design

Of laughter, love, and tears.

Deep roots are mine!





HERITAGE

Framed within all measured time

Heritage -- darkened -- sublime.

Echoes, men and shadows of the past;

Age-old wisdom, foundations that must last.

Treasured memories for heart and hand;

Claim your Heritage -- of Faith and home and land!

REMEMBRANCE

In memory I can hear you speak;

But not so much the words I hear,

For time has made the echoes weak,

It is your tone of love that's clear.

KEEPSAKES

It is not a lamp, but your face I see;
In this lamp's soft glow, you smiled at me.

It is not a plate that I judge so dear,
But a pattern of days it brings back so clear.

It is not just a shoe to gently hold,
But a child in my arms, I safely enfold.

For those things we cherish
 and prize beyond measure,
Bring an echo of Love -
 restoring heart's treasure!



VIGNETTE

Longings,
Tho' unexpressed,
Leave an imprint
Upon each human soul
And bring about a turn of fate
Oft unguessed.

VIEWPOINT

The little bug
climbed up a stick
And looked around -
then spoke up quick,
"The World is really
very small,
For I can plainly,
see it all!"

OLD HOME PLACE

How mournful droop the eaves and ell,
With sightless windows, dreary walls,
And yet, just listen, listen well,
To hear footsteps in faded halls.

For much of living slumbers here,
A child's first steps, and soft said prayers;
A Mother's thought, and humble tear;
A Father's pride, mixed joys and cares.

Pass gently by this lonely place.
It tells too well how brief our days;
How soon our ebbing strength we face;
How short our struggling strutting ways!



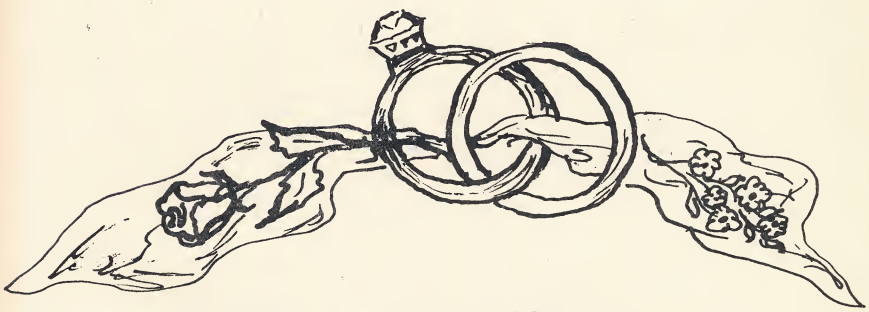
FOUNDATION - WISE

There are times when only Foundations suffice,
The present's demand cannot entice --
Old verse, heart's songs of long ago;
Principles life has made you know;
Tried friends with ways you understand;
Skies and quiet-lying land --
These your spirit needs to grasp;
Your strength, life's essence, clasp.

LOVE IS EXPRESSED

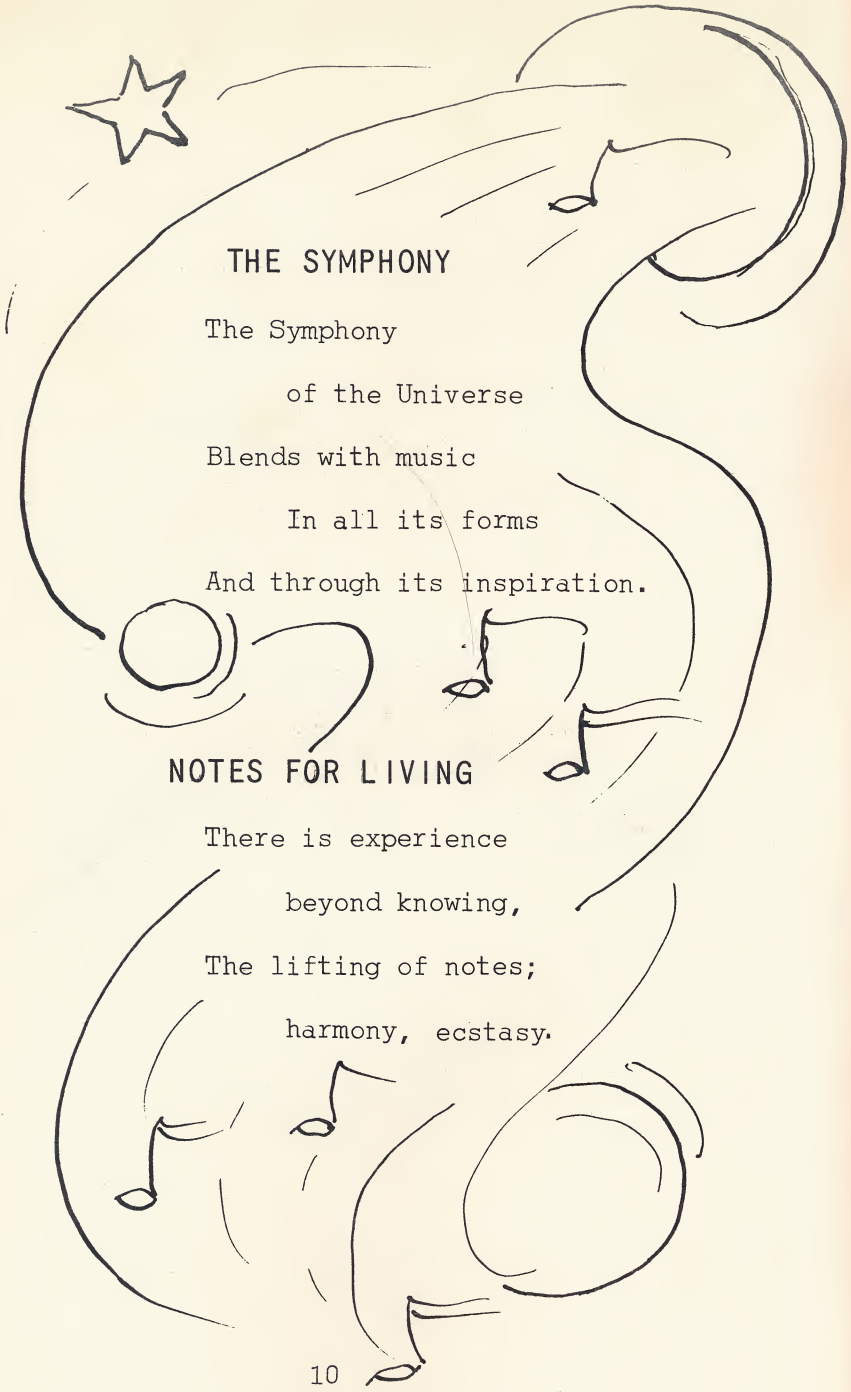
Love is expressed in many ways;
With flowers and poems on special days.
Yet - oftentimes as years roll by
Your love is shown by a crusty pie,
Or, doing the thing he wants to do;
By his rocking the baby a long hour through.

Yes, Love is expressed in many ways;
With music and parties for special days.
But Love is also kept thro' drudgery -
By the missing flaw you don't see.
Love is expressed your whole life through.
By the Little Things you say or do.



A FAMILY BENEDICTION

The days be gently kind to you,
In darkest night may stars
shine through.
Grant tasks of love be yours to do;
God's Blessing ever rest on you.

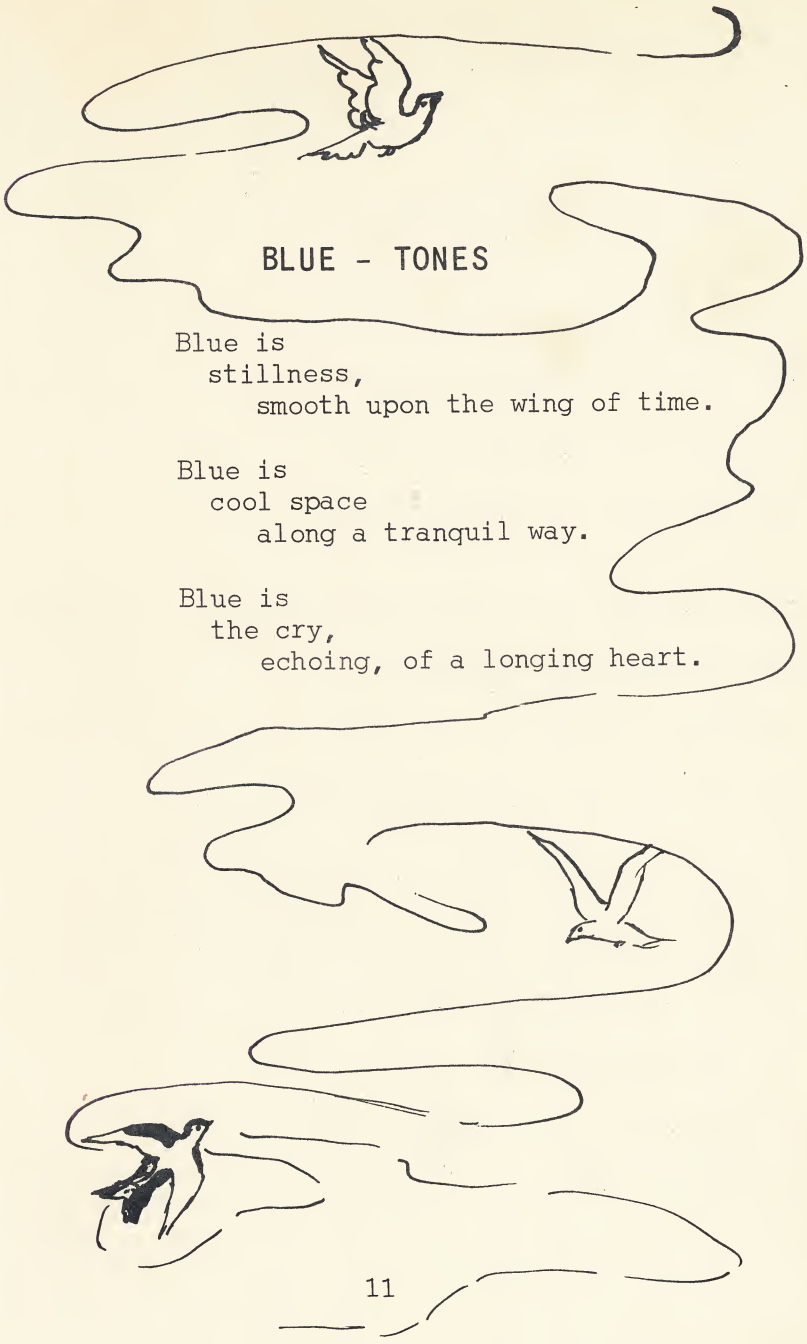


THE SYMPHONY

The Symphony
of the Universe
Blends with music
In all its forms
And through its inspiration.

NOTES FOR LIVING

There is experience
beyond knowing,
The lifting of notes;
harmony, ecstasy.



BLUE - TONES

Blue is
 stillness,
 smooth upon the wing of time.

Blue is
 cool space
 along a tranquil way.

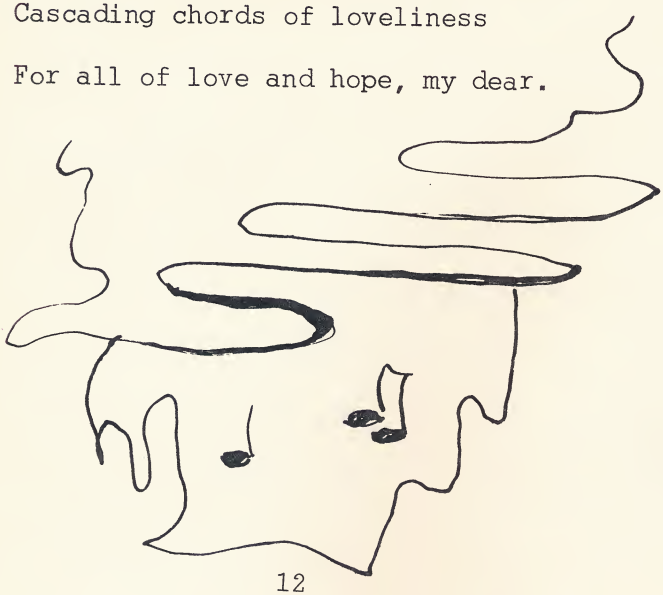
Blue is
 the cry,
 echoing, of a longing heart.



MUSICAL COMPOSITION

Blue and purple notes mount strong and bold,
While muffled drummings pace a dirge
Of sorrow and despair to surge
Through ranks of young and old.

Bright golden notes rise purely clear
With harmonies of happiness,
Cascading chords of loveliness
For all of love and hope, my dear.



BUT MY BEST

Forgive -
that I
compare,
Or crave
excelling,
In this day.

When -
so much more,
I need offer,

but -
My Best,
With humbleness
And Love - the Way!

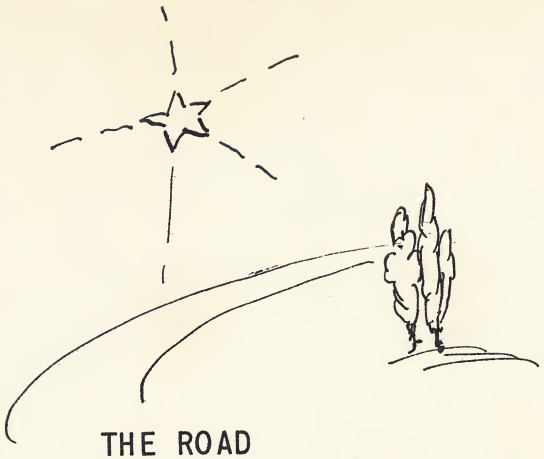
For -
to compare,
Is to lose
singleness
and wholeness, of life.

Let me offer
But My Best
As I may,
And in His Spirit.

THE WAY

Turn toward Christ and lift
 your heart;
Of God's Spirit you may be
 a part;
Time nor place can limit Him;
Or cause the Light of Faith to dim.
Christ comes and goes among us all
Hears the whispered heart's
 Prayer-call.
With all our weakness, failures, pain,
Hope and Joy are ours to gain
When we know the Savior's way—
 Love and Service every day.

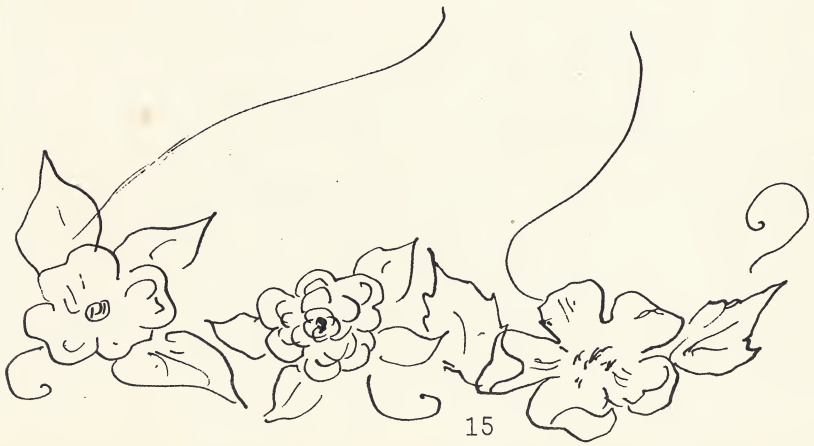




THE ROAD

The Youth views life as a road afar
Without an ending, only a star
That mystically guides, and promises too,
Adventure and treasure as journey's due.

The passing years draw horizons near
With distance bound by weakness and fear.
Till adventure finds its only measure
Is Love --- and that is also the Treasure!



FREEDOM

Man's spirit finds true Freedom:

As it delves:

Into meaning,
 And doubt,
Days gone by and days to come;
 Other's thoughts through words
And shared communication.

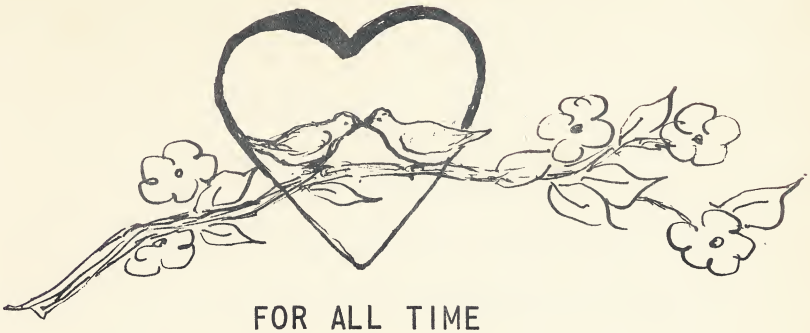
As it lifts:

Creatively,
 with will,
And the Light of Love,
 Traveling
 To far castles,
Quiet valleys, and shadowed dells.

As it joins:

With melodies,
 Memories,
And drifting echoes,
 Sun and rain, winds, lifting wings,
Green growth and flowering.

Though bound in pain and helplessness.



FOR ALL TIME

For all time we pledge our love
Whatever be the weather;
For all time we face the world,
Unafraid - together.

For all time we meet the days,
Their problems gladly dare.
Successfully we'll stand each test;
Our joys and sorrows share.

For all time, close, side by side,
We'll love and understand;
Then meet the sunset unafraid,
Still walking hand in hand.



THIS CHRISTMAS

This Christmas, I would light candles

In some shadowed street

So that neighbor may know neighbor

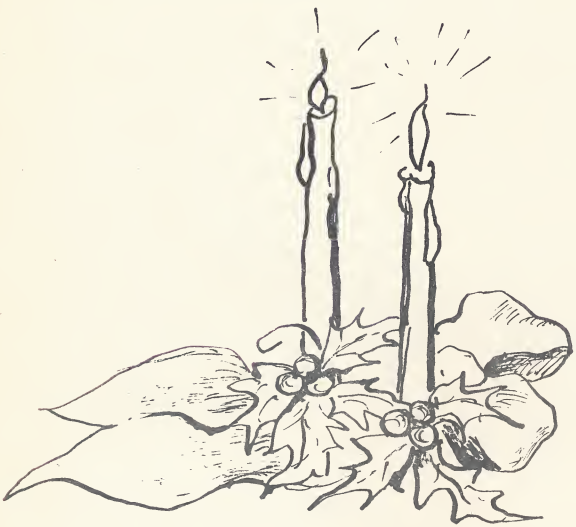
When they chance to meet.

I would light a candle

In my own waiting heart,

So of all love and peace inspired efforts

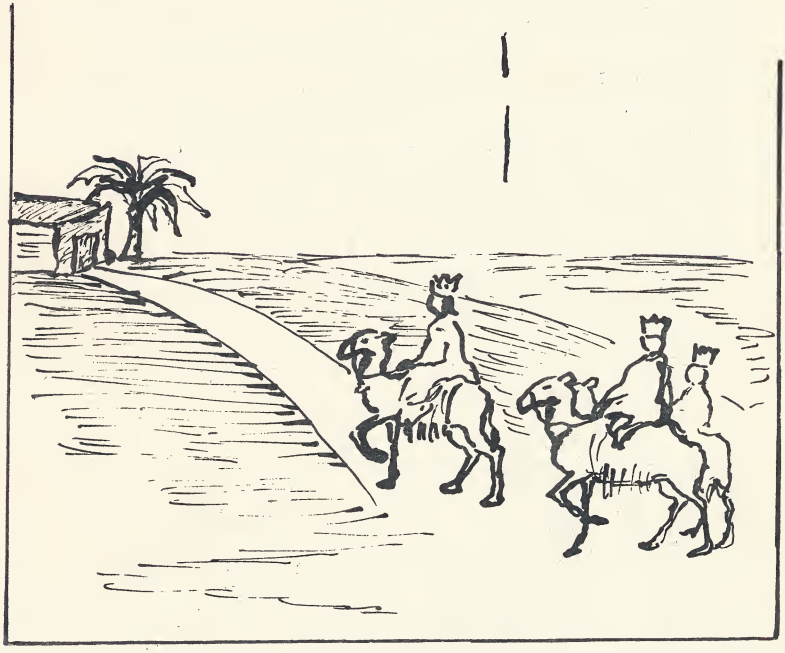
I may be a part.





SEE -- THE STAR!

Let us look up and see the Star --
By its clear light to journey far.
Beyond each seeming urgent need,
Beyond ourselves -- the Star will lead.
Beyond the doubts that jeopardize,
Beyond the trophies that we prize,
In that bright Presence we will find
Repose and peace for soul and mind.
Let us look up and see the Star --
By its clear light to journey far,
Until we reach a manger side
Where love and happiness abide!



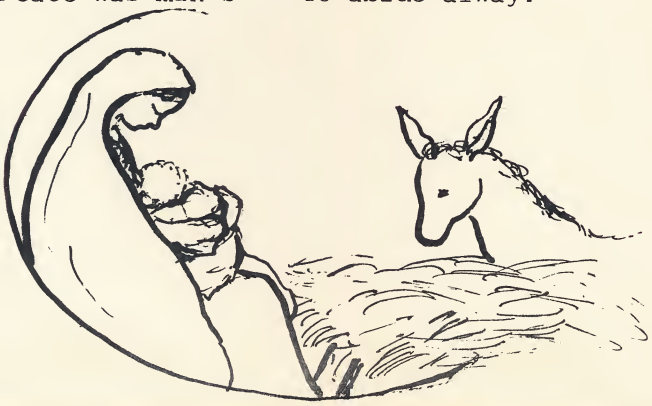


FULL OF BEAUTY WAS THAT NIGHT

Full of beauty was that night,
Mystic with a radiant light;
Angels sang with jubilation,
Sang with joyous adoration.

Full of beauty was that night;
Shepherds knelt before the sight
Of the Babe, earth's dearest treasure,
God's Great Gift - Love without measure.

Full of beauty was that night;
Fear, despair took helpless flight.
As Wise Men humbly bowed to pray;
Peace was man's -- to abide alway.





CHRISTMAS EVE

Let us observe

Within the heart,

So quietly, fragmental part

Of what, dear Babe, Thou art!

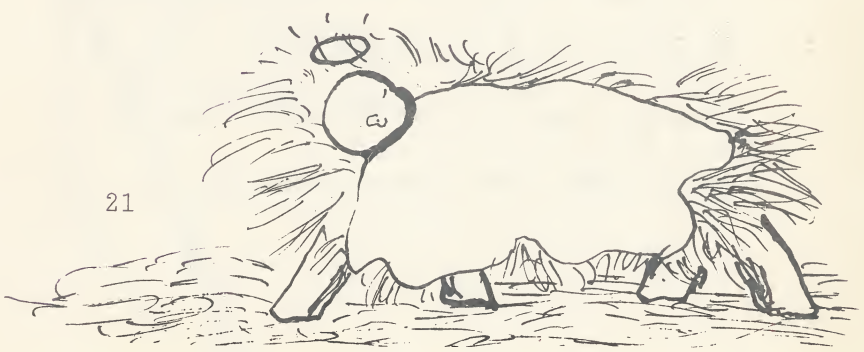
Help us to snare

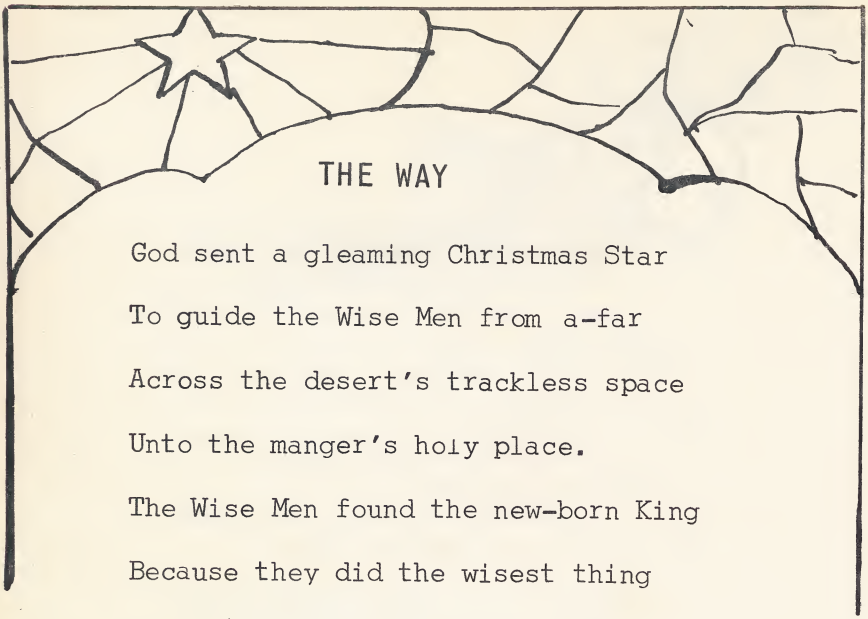
Humbly, ourselves;

While Truth, as Light,

Reveals Love's might---

With joy! Belief! This Night!





THE WAY

God sent a gleaming Christmas Star
To guide the Wise Men from a-far
Across the desert's trackless space
Unto the manger's holy place.
The Wise Men found the new-born King
Because they did the wisest thing
By following the Trail of Light
God gave to guide them through the night.

Then through the maze of life's long way
Let us, too, faithfully, each day,
Follow the rays which show a-far
From earth's first guiding Christmas Star.
Continuing Light Our Father sends
To guide men on to higher ends,
That we may find the Heavenly King,
And, finding Him, have everything!

RALLY!

Rally! behind the banner of

Christ our King!

Rally! We will serve and pray and sing!

The forces of evil can never rule

If each will perform as God's own tool;

Doing our best whereever we are;

Spreading The Gospel near and far.

Achieving brotherhood with every race;

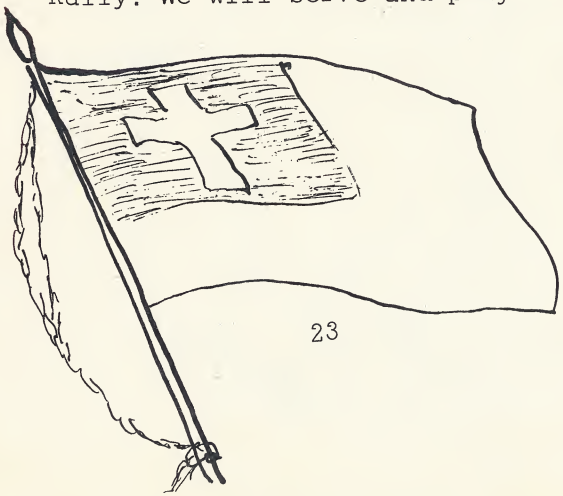
Spiritually sustaining a "Program of Space."

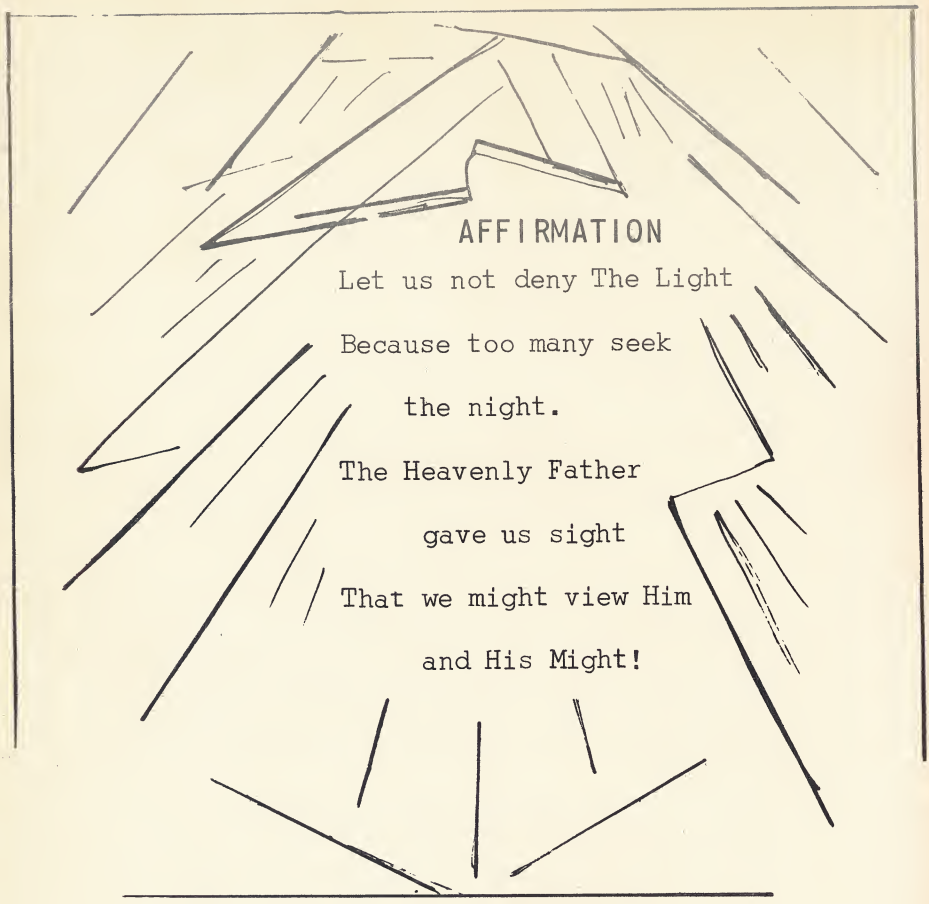
Look up! Lift up! And do your best!

The Lord is our Partner - He'll do the rest.

So Rally behind the banner of Our King!

Rally! We will serve and pray and sing!



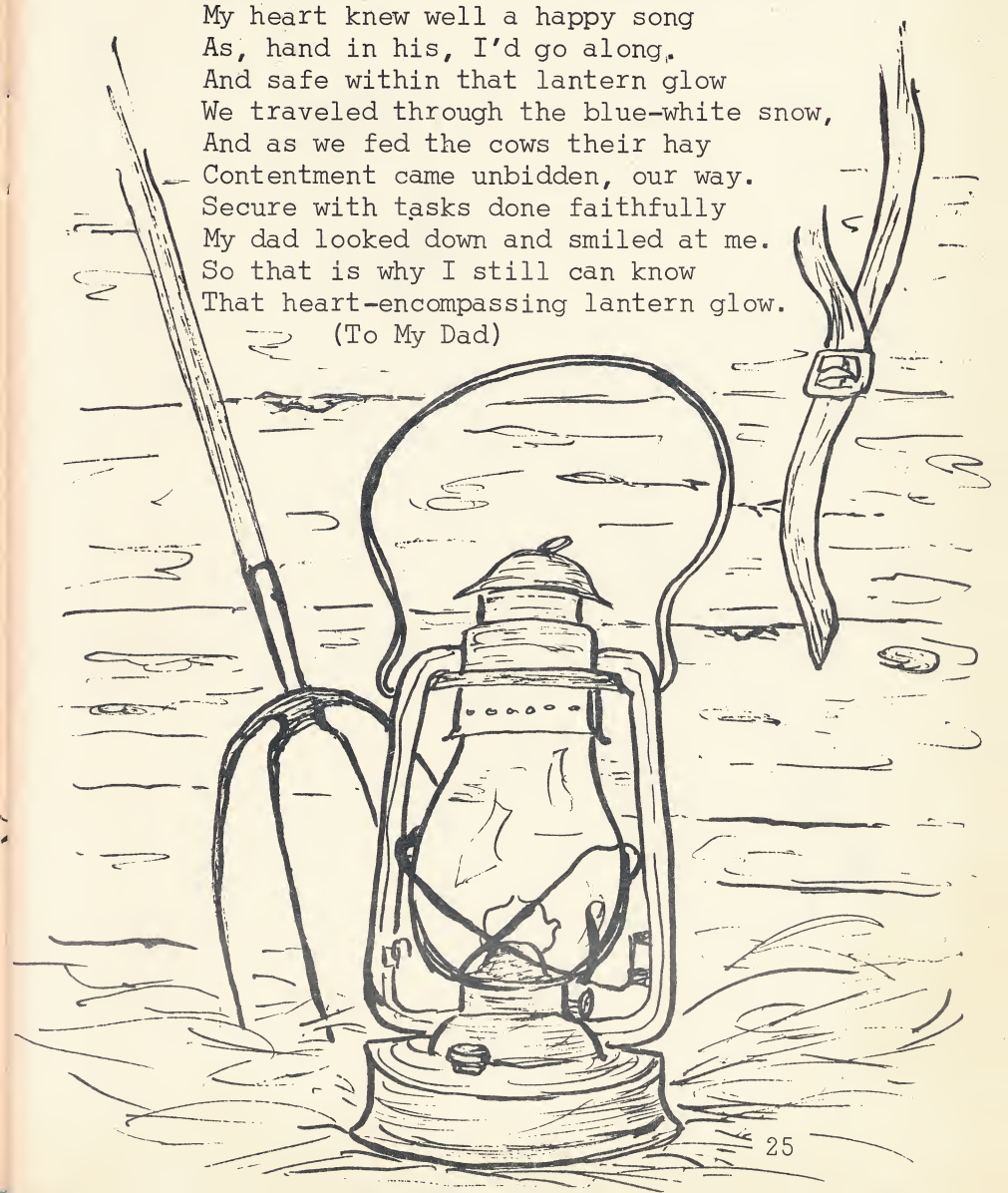


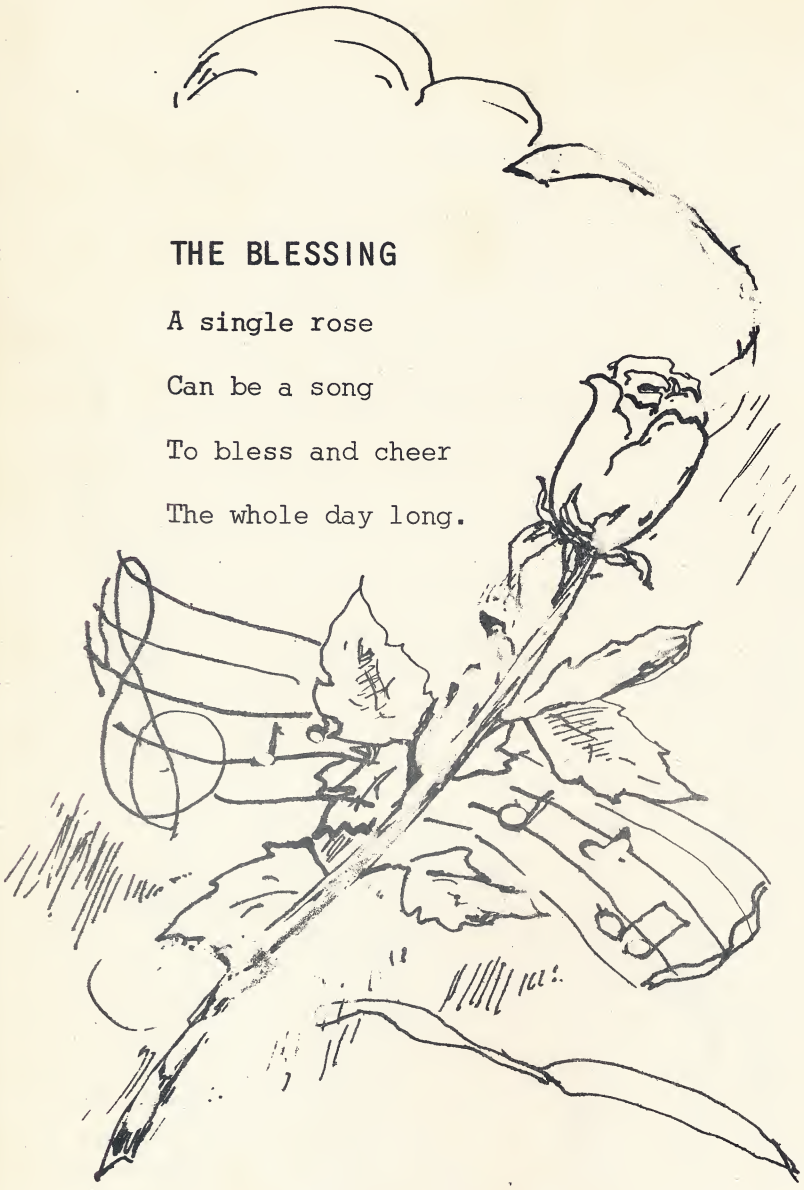
COMMON MAGIC

The magic of the small and usual thing
Is part of the ecstacy life brings.
The violet embroidering the back door sill;
A robin's clear and happy trill.
The trusting clasp of a child's small hand;
Fragrance sifting from fresh-mown land.
A friend's warm voice on the telephone;
Some hour of remembrance spent alone,
For the spirit discovers brave new wings
In the magic of small and usual things.

LANTERN GLOW

Right often on a Winter's night,
When Dad did chores by lantern light,
My heart knew well a happy song
As, hand in his, I'd go along.
And safe within that lantern glow
We traveled through the blue-white snow,
And as we fed the cows their hay
Contentment came unbidden, our way.
Secure with tasks done faithfully
My dad looked down and smiled at me.
So that is why I still can know
That heart-encompassing lantern glow.
(To My Dad)





THE BLESSING

A single rose

Can be a song

To bless and cheer

The whole day long.

THE WAY

Turn toward Christ and lift your heart,

Of God's Spirit be a part.

No time or place can limit Him;

Or cause the Light of Faith to dim.

Christ comes and goes among us all;

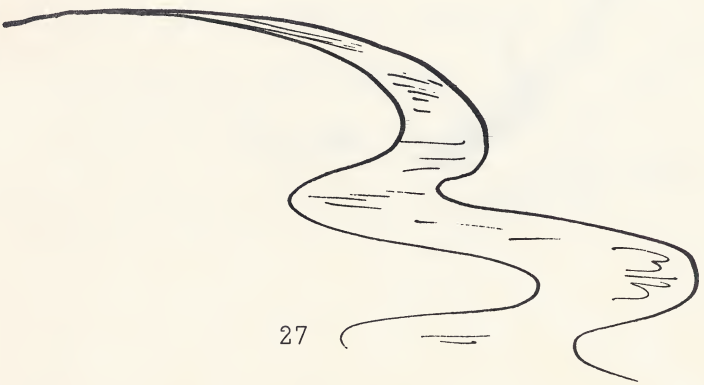
Hearing the heart's whispered call.

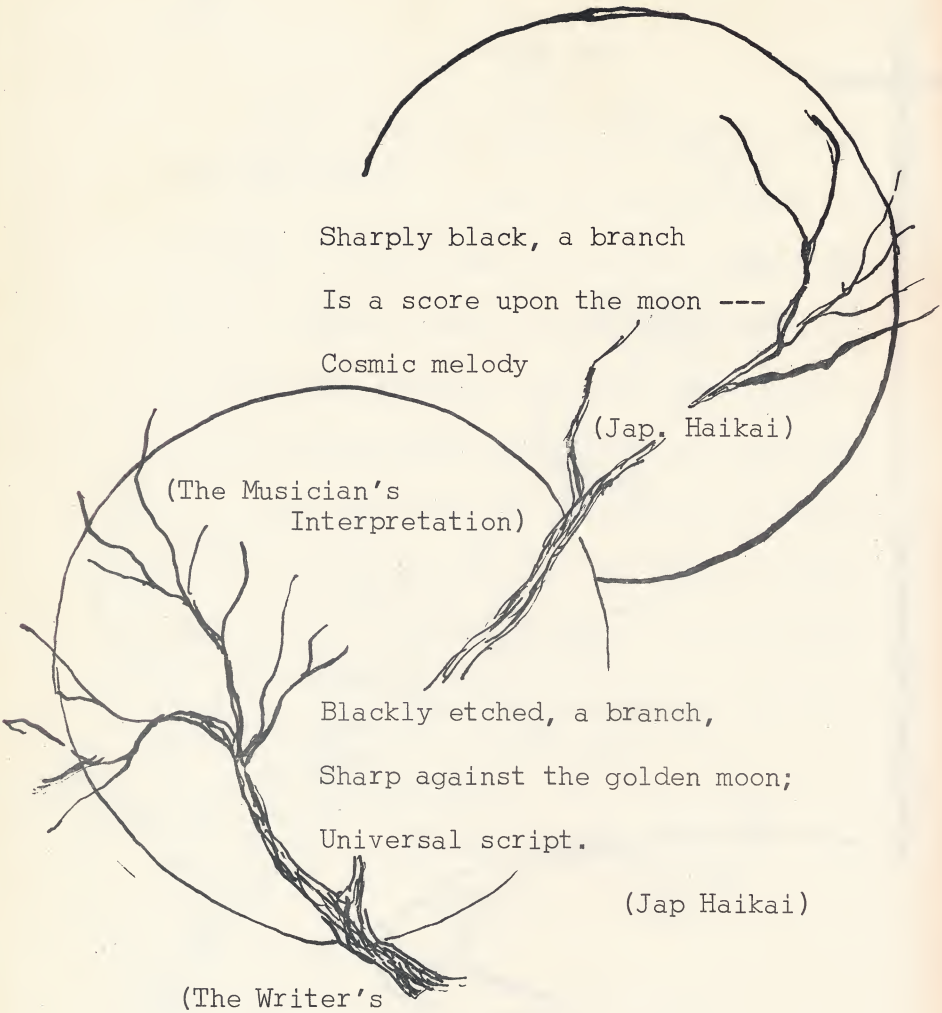
With all our weakness, failures, pain,

Hope and joy are ours to gain

When we know the Savior's Way

Of Love and Service everyday.




Sharply black, a branch
Is a score upon the moon ---
Cosmic melody
(Jap. Haikai)
(The Musician's
Interpretation)
Blackly etched, a branch,
Sharp against the golden moon;
Universal script.
(Jap Haikai)
(The Writer's
Interpretation)



OBJECT LESSON

Small Tawny kitten
full of fun;
You rest so well
once play is done.
I envy you the
singleness
Of purpose - mine
is doubt and guess!





REVELATION

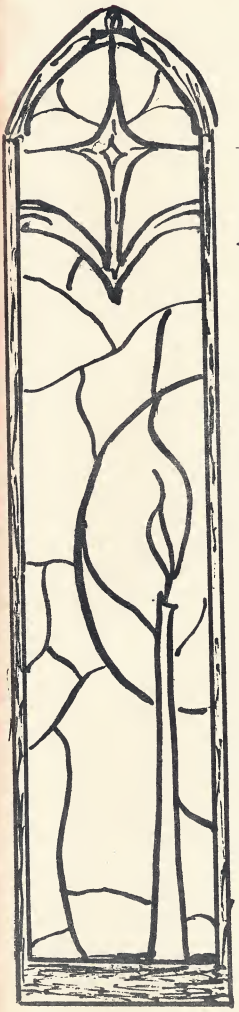
A robin sang this hour, for me,
And I possess the flower I see.
And yet - the song was sung for you,
Still you possess the flower too.

For Love and joy belong to each,
But shared, increases with their reach.
Thus God reveals His Loving Care
Unrestricted, everywhere!



PRAYER

Help me to pray for the wiser needs;
Help me to walk as Thy Spirit leads.
Help me to ask for the tender heart
Leaving no brother forlorn, apart.
Grant me wisdom to know content;
To recognize blessings Thy Hand has lent.
And bring me safe with evening light,
A child accepted in Thy sight.





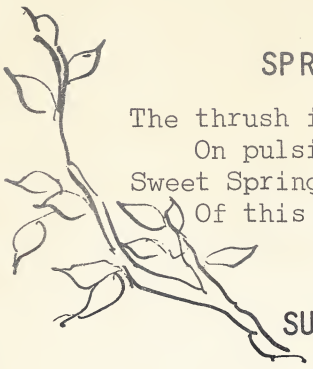
THANKSGIVING

Lord make me thankful every day
For great and small joys of the way.
For home -- the treat of fresh baked bread,
For lovely thoughts that I have read.
For sparkling laughter's cleansing power,
The beauty of a wayside flower.
For food and shelter from the night,
For laws that help me do what's right,
For friendship's smile that warms the heart,
For opportunity to do my part
In this our land -- for family dear.
I thank Thee most -- that Thou art near.

Lord, keep me humble; may I stay
Aware and thankful every day!

SPRING MESSENGER

The thrush is lifting heavenward
On pulsing joyous wings.
Sweet Spring renews all earth with life,
Of this the feathered herald sings.



SUMMER



These are my fields, horizon-wide,
with golden slopes and burgeoning green.
Here God and man work side by side
To bring harvest's benediction upon the scene.

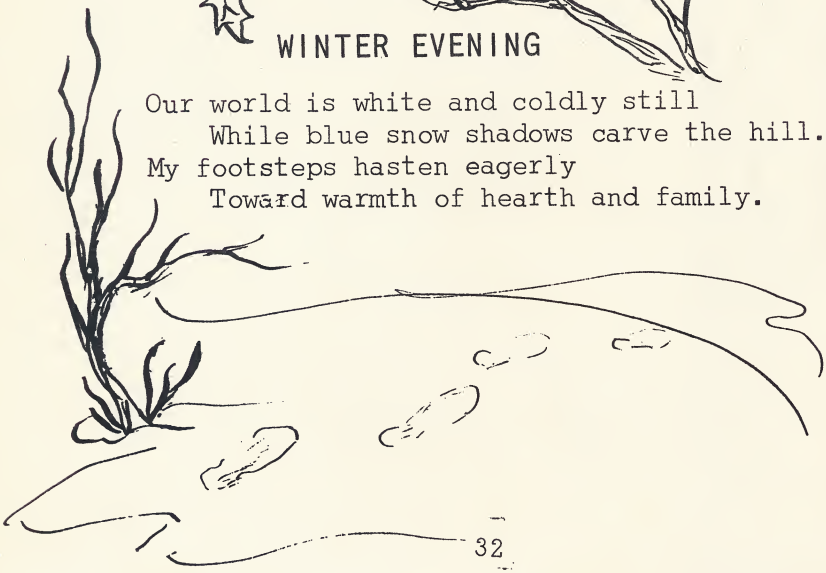
AUTUMN MOMENT

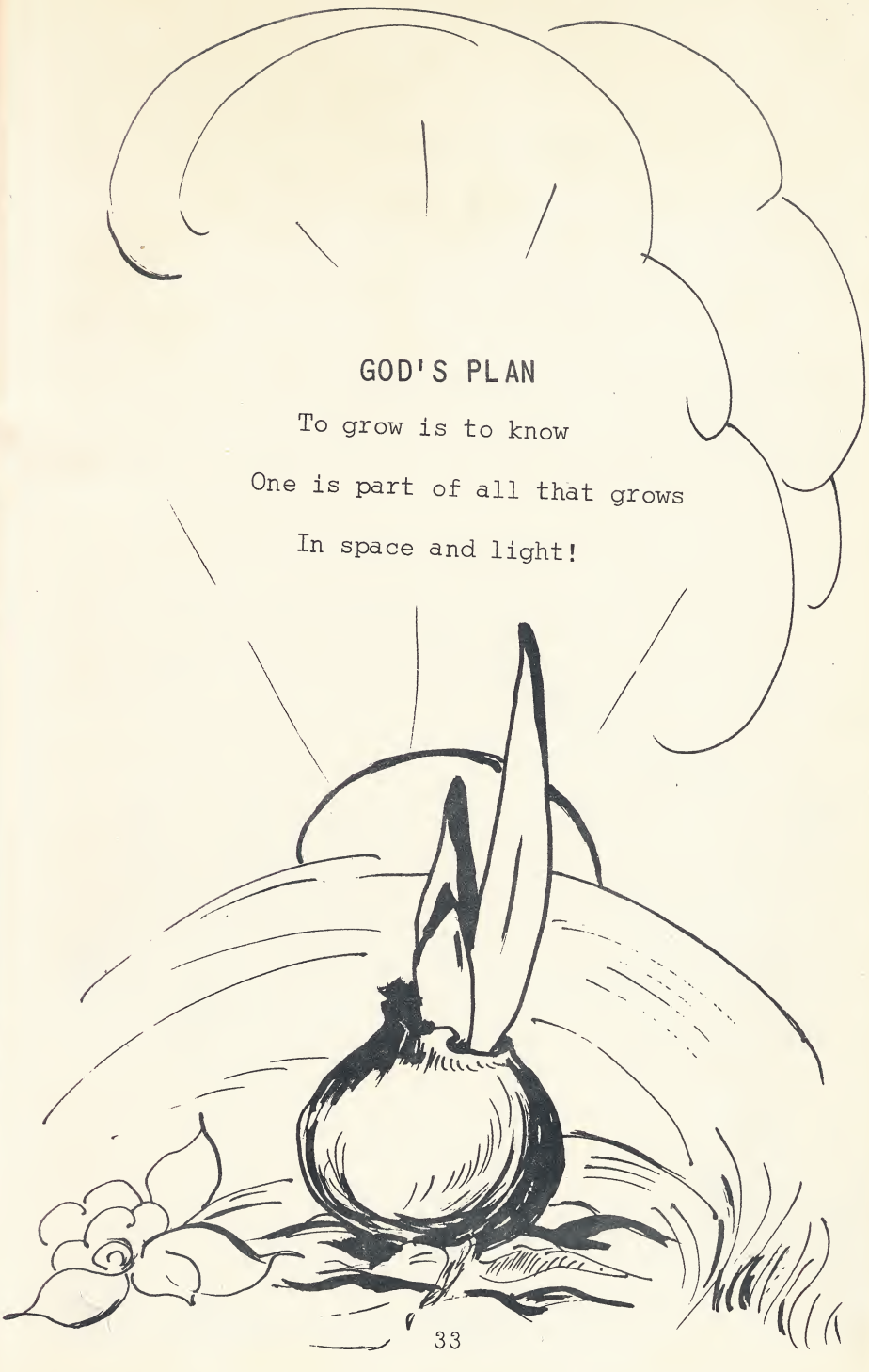
A little leaf comes dancing ---
Dancing down an autumn breeze.
It turns and spins upon its way
A scarlet, transitory tease.



WINTER EVENING

Our world is white and coldly still
While blue snow shadows carve the hill.
My footsteps hasten eagerly
Toward warmth of hearth and family.





GOD'S PLAN

To grow is to know

One is part of all that grows

In space and light!

BENEDICTION

Bird call, wind hush, soft light upon the way,
As evening falls, you can no longer stay.
You go in peace to that Especial Place
To be with God -- with joy to see His Face.

And we who still toil slowly up the hill
Are blessed of your buoyant spirit still.
And find we walk with steadfast will and heart
Remembering how well you played your part.



MUSIC IS --

Music is the muted beauty
of cobwebs
Diamond-dewed at dawn,
It is the crash of cymbals
And great dream beats,
As lightnings and winds rend
the sky.
It is a Symphony
of earth and stars
With a melody of love
In the Key of Life!

TO A FRIEND

I chose a violet
To express my thought,
But it was too shy
For the words I sought.

A poppy volunteered
To say what was meant.
It shouted too loud
The message wished sent.

So - accept flowers of thought,
And blossoms of cheer.
Which cannot be bought.
They are heart grown, my dear.

By sharing together
Both duty and fun,
Our comradeship deepens
With each passing sun.

We breath a soft prayer
Of true thankfulness
For our cherished Friendship
And its blessedness.

DEAR FRIEND

To know you're there,

To sense your smile,

Helps make each day

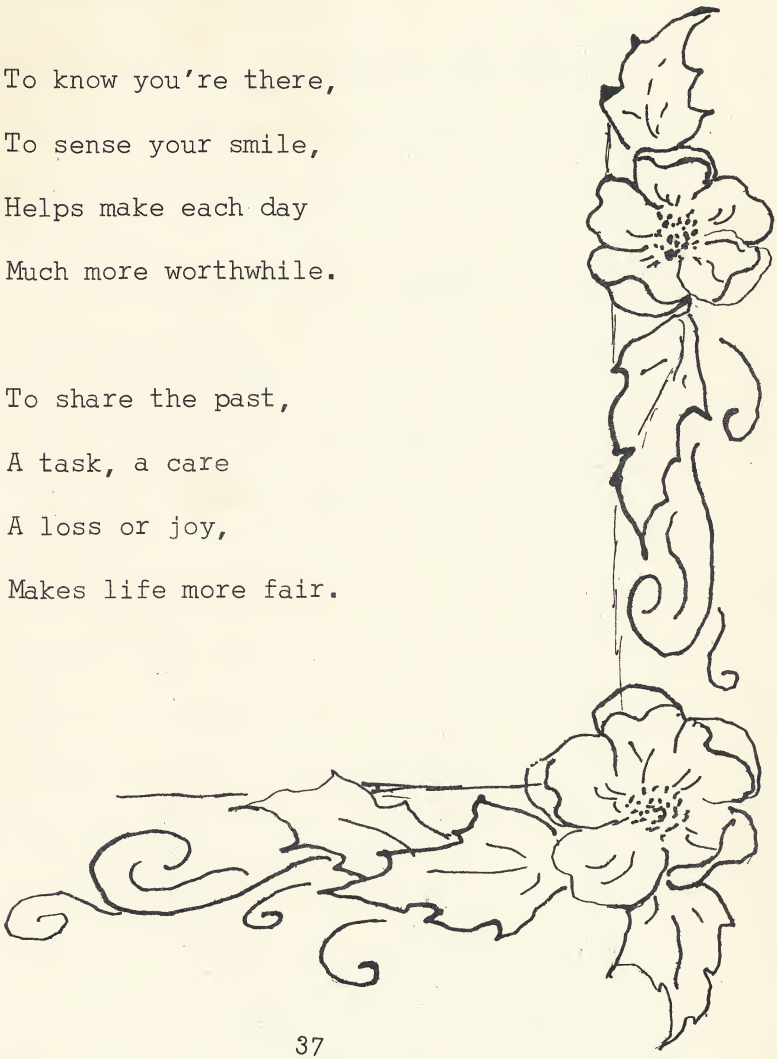
Much more worthwhile.

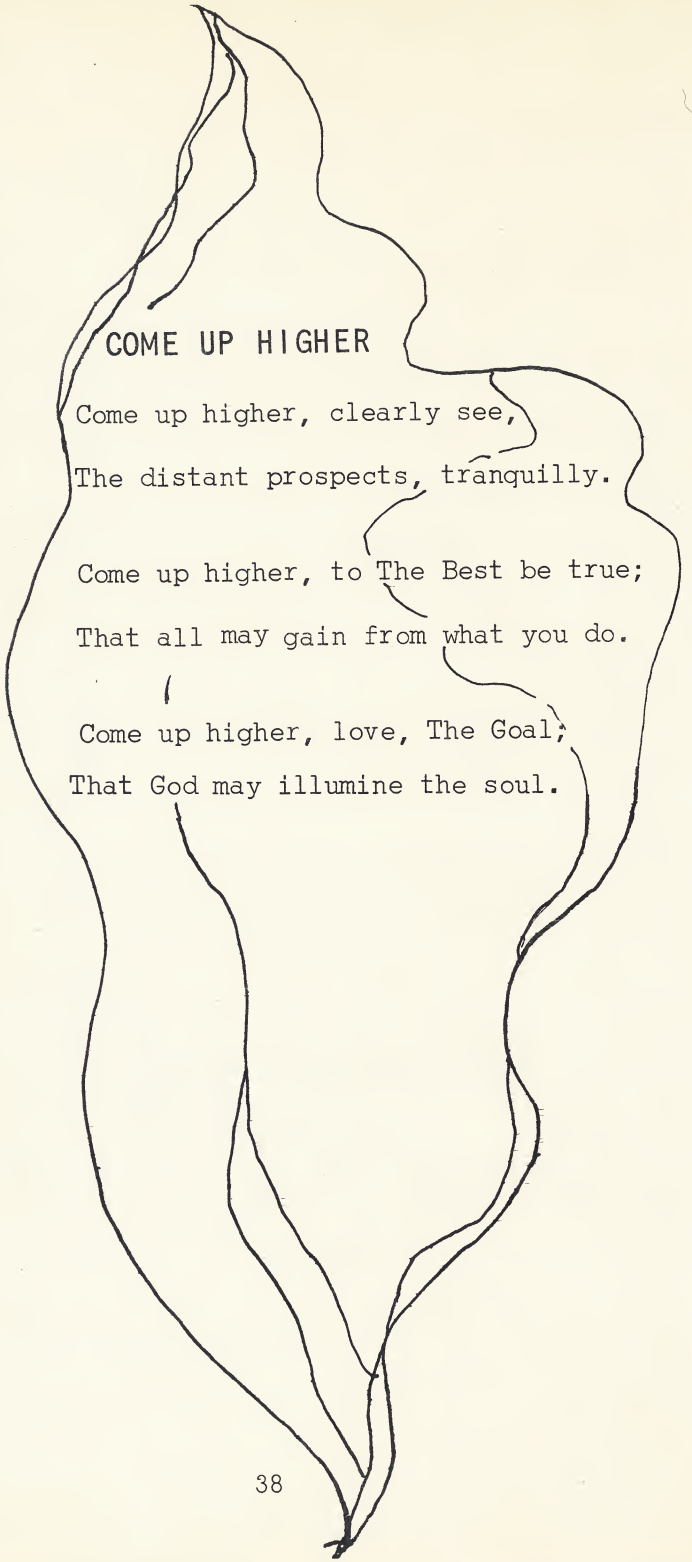
To share the past,

A task, a care

A loss or joy,

Makes life more fair.





COME UP HIGHER

Come up higher, clearly see,
The distant prospects, tranquilly.

Come up higher, to The Best be true;
That all may gain from what you do.

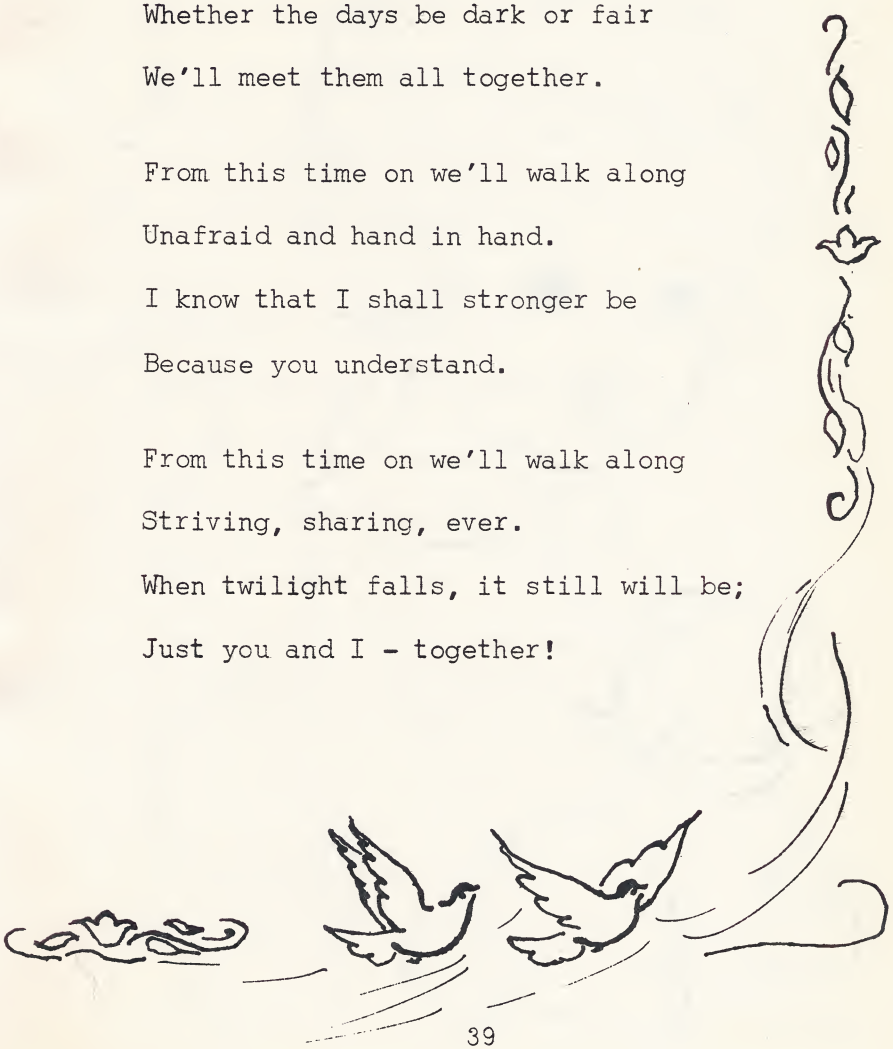
Come up higher, love, The Goal;
That God may illumine the soul.

YOU AND I, TOGETHER

From this time on we pledge our love
In every kind of weather.
Whether the days be dark or fair
We'll meet them all together.

From this time on we'll walk along
Unafraid and hand in hand.
I know that I shall stronger be
Because you understand.

From this time on we'll walk along
Striving, sharing, ever.
When twilight falls, it still will be;
Just you and I - together!





SMALL PRAYERS FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS

This flower, an emissary fair

Saying, God is present everywhere.

* * * * * * *

Father, keep thy children near,

Within Thy Love, and safe from fear.

* * * * * * * *

LORD,
Lead us through each hour today

Along a happy, helpful way.

* * * * * * * *

Help me to keep Thy rules of Love

That I may join Thy ranks above.

* * * * * * * *

When I remember to be kind

Then, unexpectedly, I find,

Lord, You beside me through the day,

Your Blessing illumining the way.

PRAYER THOUGHT

As a little child I come to Thee;
My many mistakes you plainly see;
And yet, I'm sure, you love me still-
As I do strive to do Thy Will.

My little dog is full of fun;
The morning's pep and his are one!

This cocoon is just for me,
Enchanted, I can plainly see --
A universe, to have to hold
As its life and growth unfold.

Small bumps, and loud roars,
Leap the stairs, slam the doors!
Oh, for vim and vigor to compete
With my 6 year old's active feet!

WITH WINGS

I am a bird, so far, so free,
No longer bound by heavy me!
I can swoop and turn, and dive
soar,
Recognizing liberty, evermore!

I am part of all the sky,
Wide and still and measureless;
My spirit for this short while,
Has no smallness to confess.

TWO YEAR OLD RHYME

I know my turtle
And he knows me;
He knows his box--
And he knows me!

CITY STREET

Upon my busy crowded street
The footsteps ever pass and meet.
There are so many different kinds,
But most are nice, one gladly finds.

SIXTH BIRTHDAY

My bicycle is new today!
First, thanks to Dad and Mom I'll say,
Then to ride fast and far away.
But, after my travels, home to stay.

A DAY

Coldness, wetness, warmth and light,
Morning, noontide, evening, night;
Little tasks, love, rest and play:
So many parts make up a day.

SMALL FRY

My Mama taught me to be polite;
I try to be with all my might,
But every so often, there is a day
When I forget to act that way!

FIRST ATTENDANCE

Sh! Don't speak! It's church you know.

No, No, the books are not to throw.

Now just a while; it won't be long.

You'll fall! (she did) ---Lord make me strong.









THE NEED

Each Child should have a place his own
That he may know his soul - alone;
Some hill to climb where - being high -
Become a part of wind and sky!

Each child should know some creature small
That he may wonder at them all.
And he must have the arms of love
To understand The Lord above!

Each one of us - a child indeed;
O Father - it is Thee we need!

YOUNG BOY

You yell and dash and
aggravate -
That task assigned is often
late.
You probe and dare and bring
great joy
With love and enthusiasm -
a normal boy!
You learn in gulps and
sudden spurts;
You grab and give -
experience hurts.
I wish you only life's
full range
Of growth and everlasting
change!



INTEREST - PLUS

So many things
Of interest here
Within this world
We hold so dear:
A little cat,
A spreading tree,
An amber pool
Reflecting me!
Soft lambkin clouds
Slow sifting by;
That on-the-top feeling
When you are nigh!
The way bread rises
In the pan;
The desire to do,
Convinced one can!
A fluting note
From flitting friend:
Of interesting things
There
Is
No
End!

FORMULA FOR - A DAY

What is a day of Life?
Harmonies - strife;
Small notes of joy,
Poetry - a toy;
A touch, a look,
A thought, a book.
BEING just SOMEONE
Till day is done.



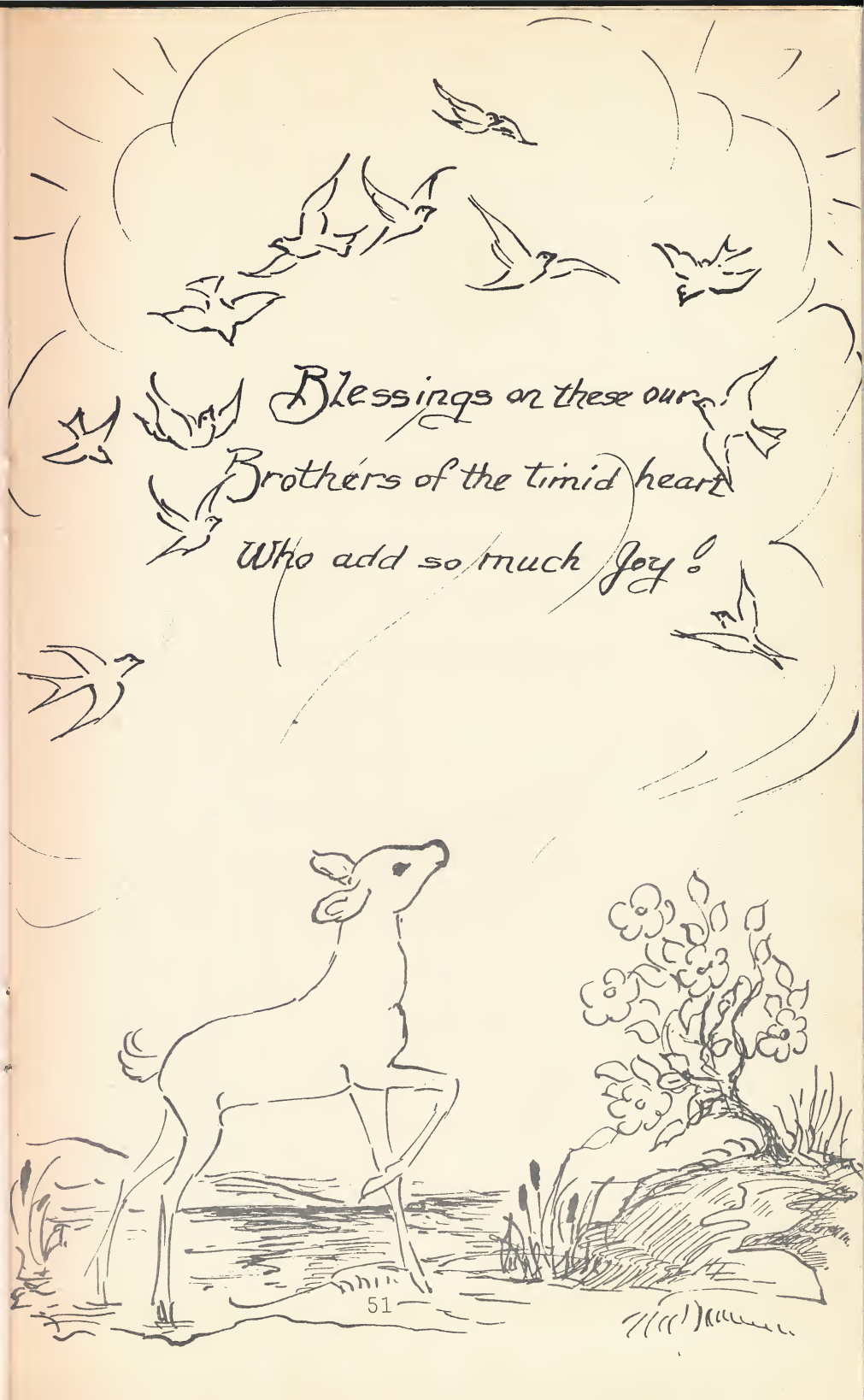
MY TURN NOW

Some children, always bright and sweet,
Are also interesting and neat.

These children surely break the rule
For they excel at home and school.

But let me have my rightful say;
My grandchild also is that way!

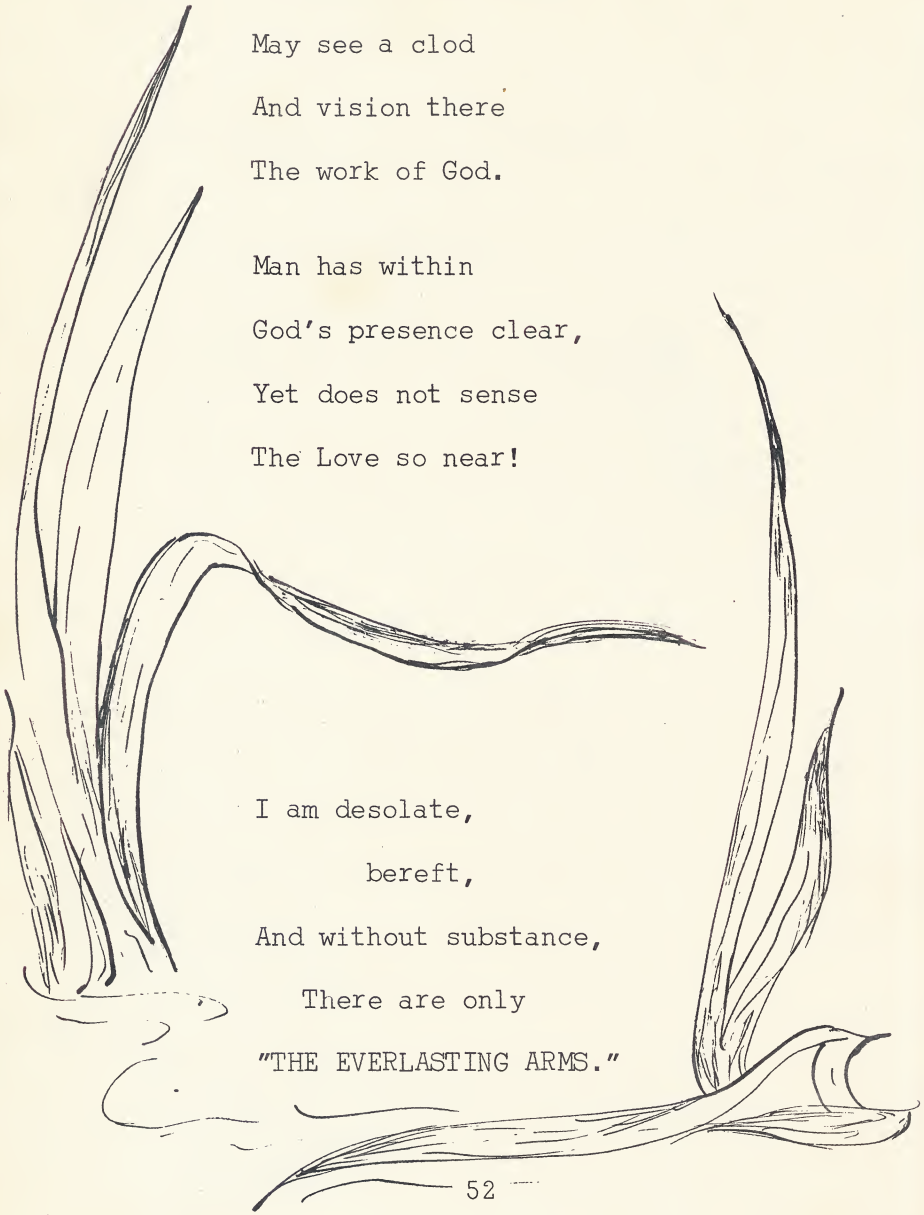



Blessings on these our
Brothers of the timid heart
Who add so much Joy!

PERSPECTIVE

How strange that man
May see a clod
And vision there
The work of God.

Man has within
God's presence clear,
Yet does not sense
The Love so near!



I am desolate,
bereft,
And without substance,
There are only
"THE EVERLASTING ARMS."

H O P E

The darkness flows from the cave of night,
A murky tide without the door.
It cowers back before a light,
As darkness must cower evermore.

The tide of evil--another night,
Would also enter each private door;
But Faith can serve as a small light
And defeat that darkness evermore!

HIGH DESTINY

O grant, My Lord, this very day
 Fire of Thy Spirit, purely bright,
And as I tread the usual way,
My soul be illumined with love's clear light.
A spark Divine can set a-flame
The dross of selfishness and pain
And rid one of regrets that maim,
For love gives barren souls rich gain.

Then I will seek another's need
For comfort, or for daily bread,
And if I may, some rights concede
Remembering that Jesus said,
"Take up Thy cross, and follow me,"
To walk with God -- High Destiny!

FRIENDSHIP - A MEDITATION

Friendship is blessed by The Father.
It is like a chain of fine spun Gold,
with each link, a smile, a hand clasp, a tear....
with words of cheer and encouragement, and many
a whispered prayer as part of the strength of that
chain.

And Friendship is sharing - giving and doing, and accepting with a generous heart and a willing spirit. When good friends walk beside us, though the way be weary and the hill steep, our burdens are lightened. We walk with added joyousness and all endeavor seems more worthwhile when friends walk by our side.

May we always have a few friends
who will love us for what we are, and in
spite of what we are not.

May we always remember to be grateful for the Blessings of Friendship for they are priceless Jewels of Living.

I AM BLESSED

I am blessed if I have one true friend
Through all the days, and to the end
It's joy to have the touch of a hand,
A smile that says you understand.
Yes, I'll be glad my whole life through
For having been blessed with a friend like you!

THE CHOICE

May I always cup within my soul
Some Beauty that will keep me whole.
Then I'll never know complete despair,
For I shall find God everywhere.
Yes, beauty can be ours for every day;
It abides along the dreariest way....
Sun through apply jelly, molten bright,
Snow cleft shadows blue-violet light.
The flowing grace of a cat at play;
Tulips cheering the dreariest day.
Mosaic colors paint an autumn hill
A sunset can cause noisy man to still,
The rhythm of wings is <u>poetry</u>!
It all depends on <u>what</u> <u>you</u> <u>see!</u>

TO A FRIEND

Some friends I only serve with tea,
And show them the politest me.

To some, I must be very fine,
Parading nice things that are mine.

Now others want to gain my ear,
Intent that all their woes I hear.

And then, there are the ones who help;
Their kindly presence soon is felt.

But you just live along the days,
With ever-varied Friendship ways.

And when you see me - bad or good,
Just as I am, I'm understood!

THE DOC

Now there's a guy who is really smart!
He'll put you together, or take you apart!
He'll juggle prescriptions, diets and pills
To combat most any kind of ills.
He'll come around when the going's rough,
And fix up the darndest, strangest stuff.
He'll calmly chat and grin at you
While he gives directions just what to do.
Comes time when the Roll is called Up High,
I reckon The Doc will sure "get by",
For he's put bounce back in that boy of mine,
And fixed up neighbors - me too- just fine!

DIMENSION

O small red bug with dashing spot
You seem contented with your lot.
I seek to learn a truth from you
That I might seek contentment too.

A clod comprises your whole world;
My world a universe unfurled.
Perhaps content may not abide
Within a world both high and wide.

THIS IS OURS

Ours is the present,
 Also the past
 And days to come;
These 3 compose our life's sum.

Ours is a heritage
 Democracy
 With Freedom's Light;
The chance to choose the Right.

Ours - opportunity
 To know and serve
 All people's good;
In Space with brotherhood.

PATTERN

Each mother forms a pattern for
 the busy, hectic days;
A pattern that, to large extent
 determines family ways.
A pattern made of wishes, thoughts,
 of tasks and fervent prayer -
And so - each mother needs to choose
 Her pattern with the greatest care!

T I M E

The months stride by

and years rush past;

We clutch and cry

for time to last;

But do not learn

to live the hours

In happy turn

to make them ours!

COURAGE

Long have I known your triumph
over fear and pain.

Long have I known, and so
experienced gain,

For when my spirit shrinks
and cowers low

Your unaware example
makes me know

Content is both acceptance and giving;
And courage is Faith made part of living!



THE LIGHT

There is a Light that all may see,

The Glory of Divinity

Reflected on a child's bright face,

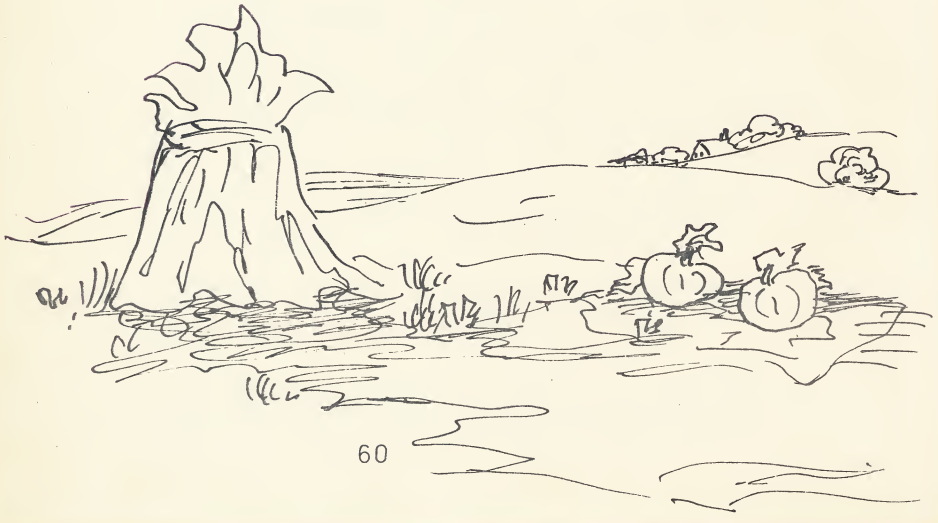
Appearing in a rainbow's grace,

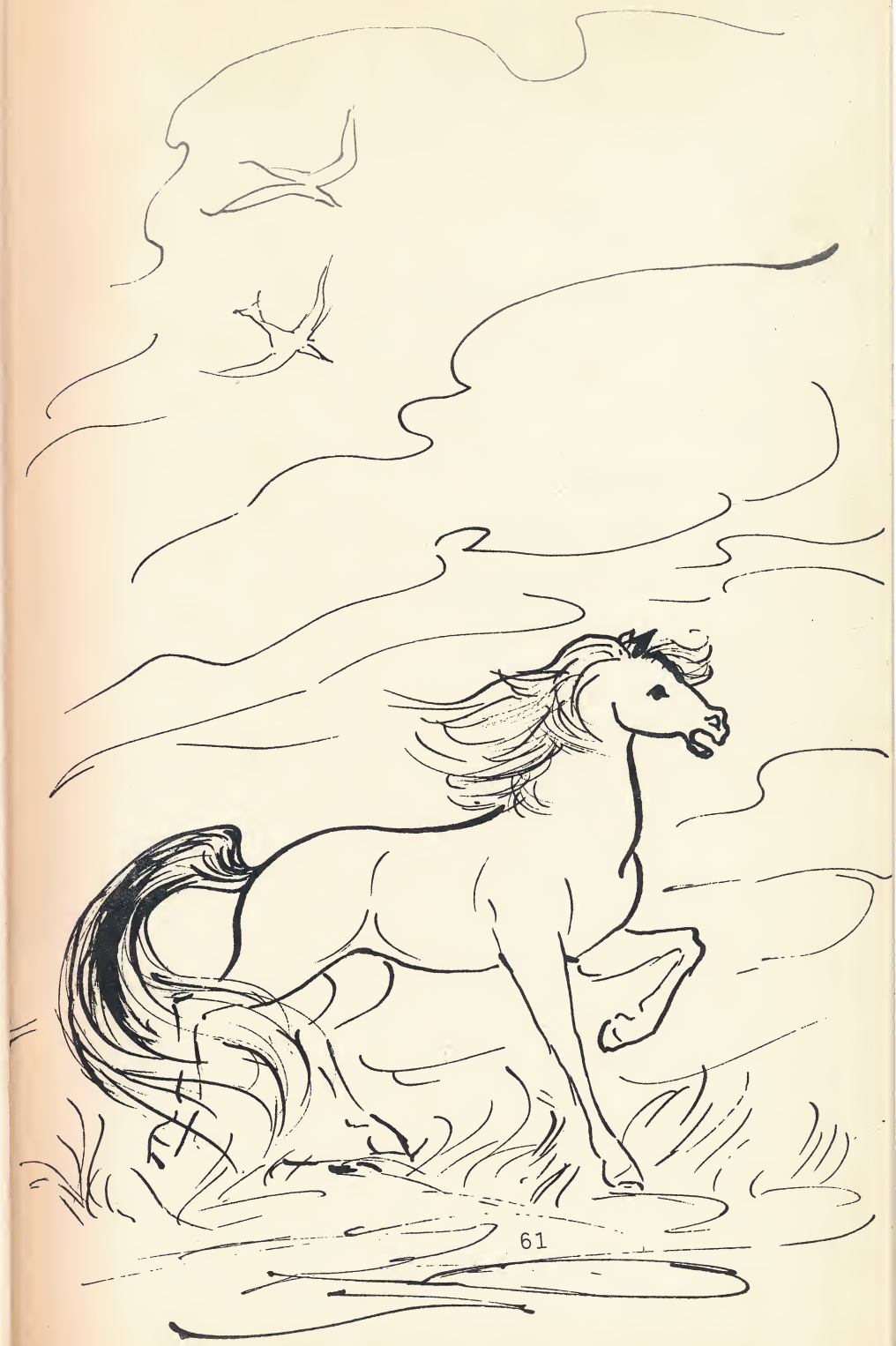
Laid warm upon a Mother's hands,

And glowing over harvest lands.

Secure in spite of sin's dark ban

It blazes in the soul of man.





UNFETTERED

Free

as the wind

rampaging high

upon the hill.

Free

as a song

soft-laced on

sun-fret breeze.

Free

as the soul

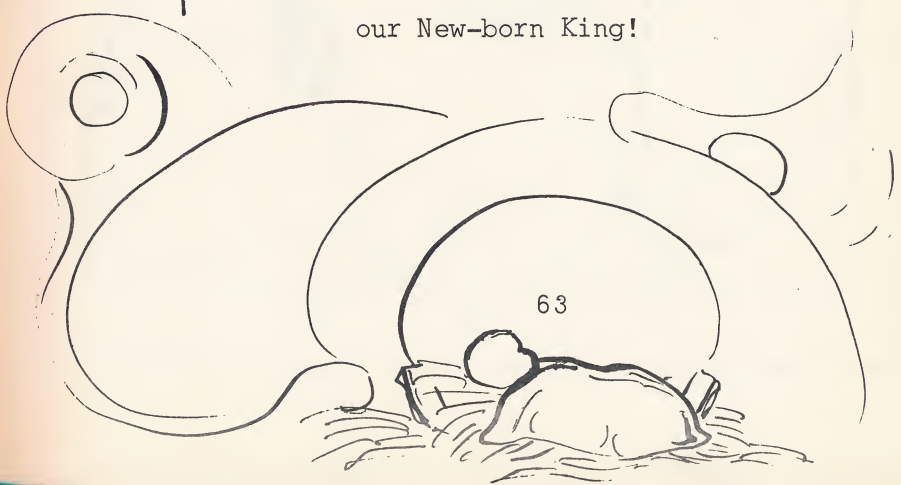
Knowing courage,

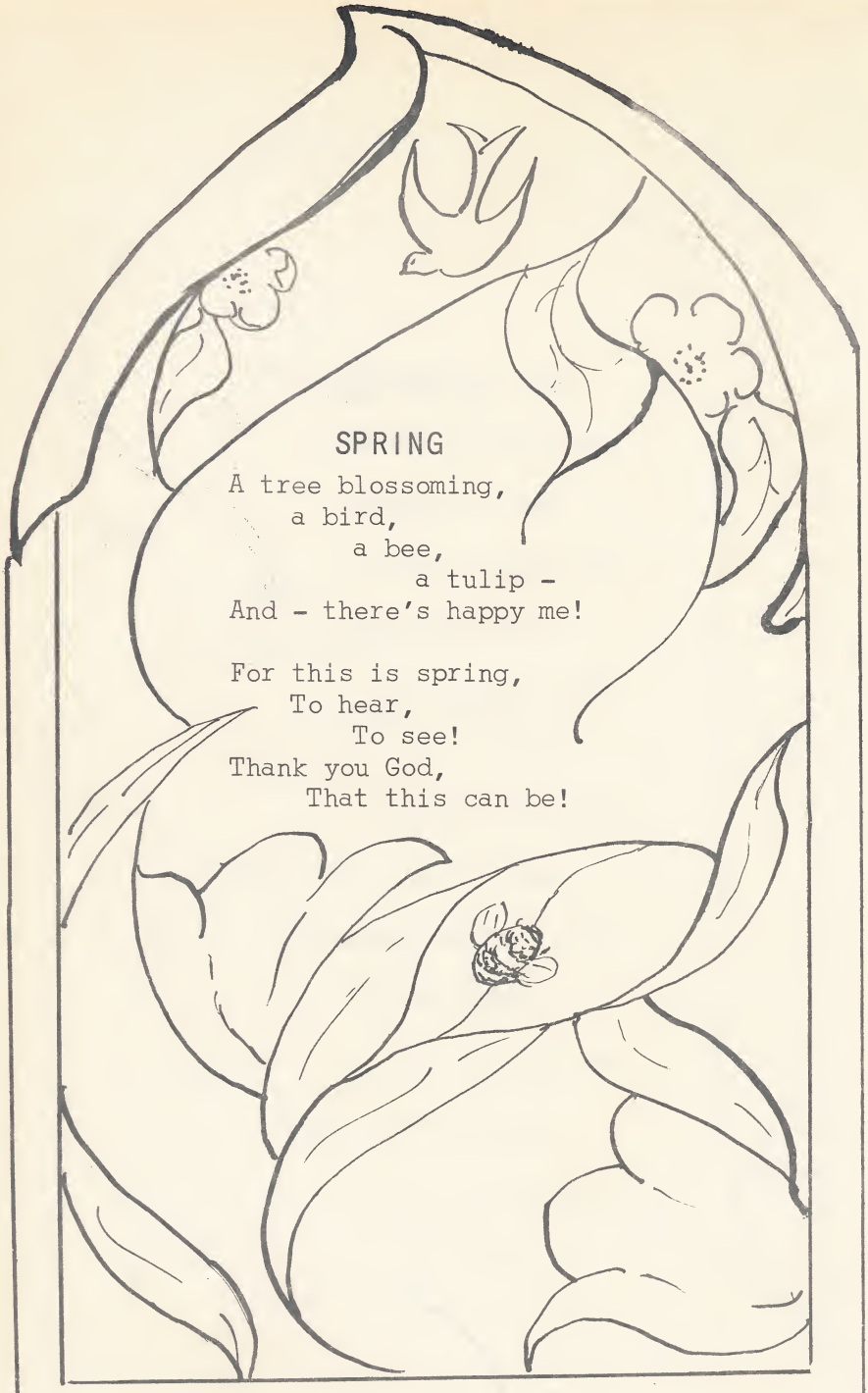
And his God.



THE WELCOMING

His star is bright
again tonight;
The Song of Angels
clear and near,
They lead across
time's trackless space
Unto the Blessed
Baby's place.
Then let us humble
homage bring
To welcome this --
our New-born King!

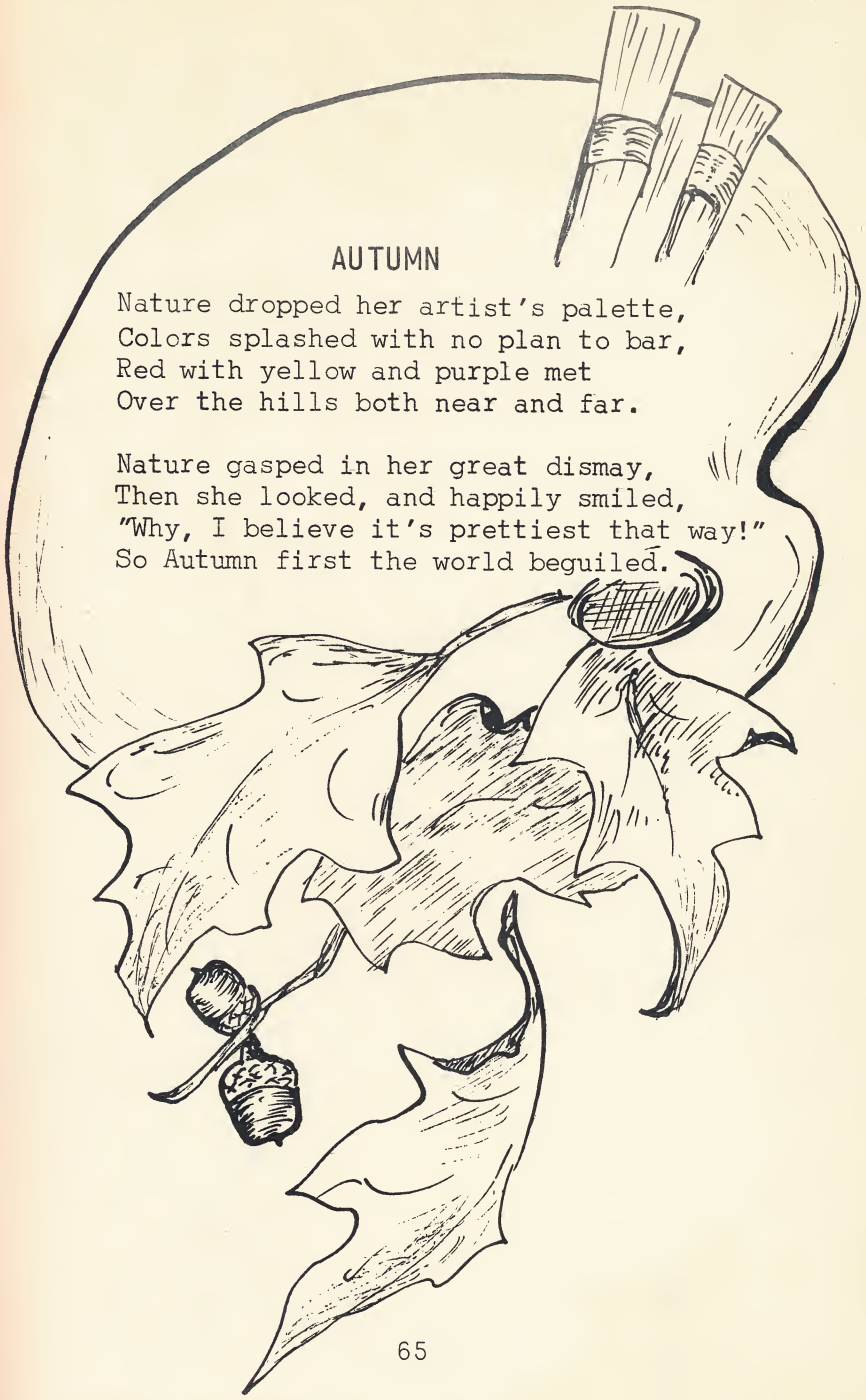




SPRING

A tree blossoming,
a bird,
a bee,
a tulip -
And - there's happy me!

For this is spring,
To hear,
To see!
Thank you God,
That this can be!



AUTUMN

Nature dropped her artist's palette,
Colors splashed with no plan to bar,
Red with yellow and purple met
Over the hills both near and far.

Nature gasped in her great dismay,
Then she looked, and happily smiled,
"Why, I believe it's prettiest that way!"
So Autumn first the world beguiled.

UNTIL

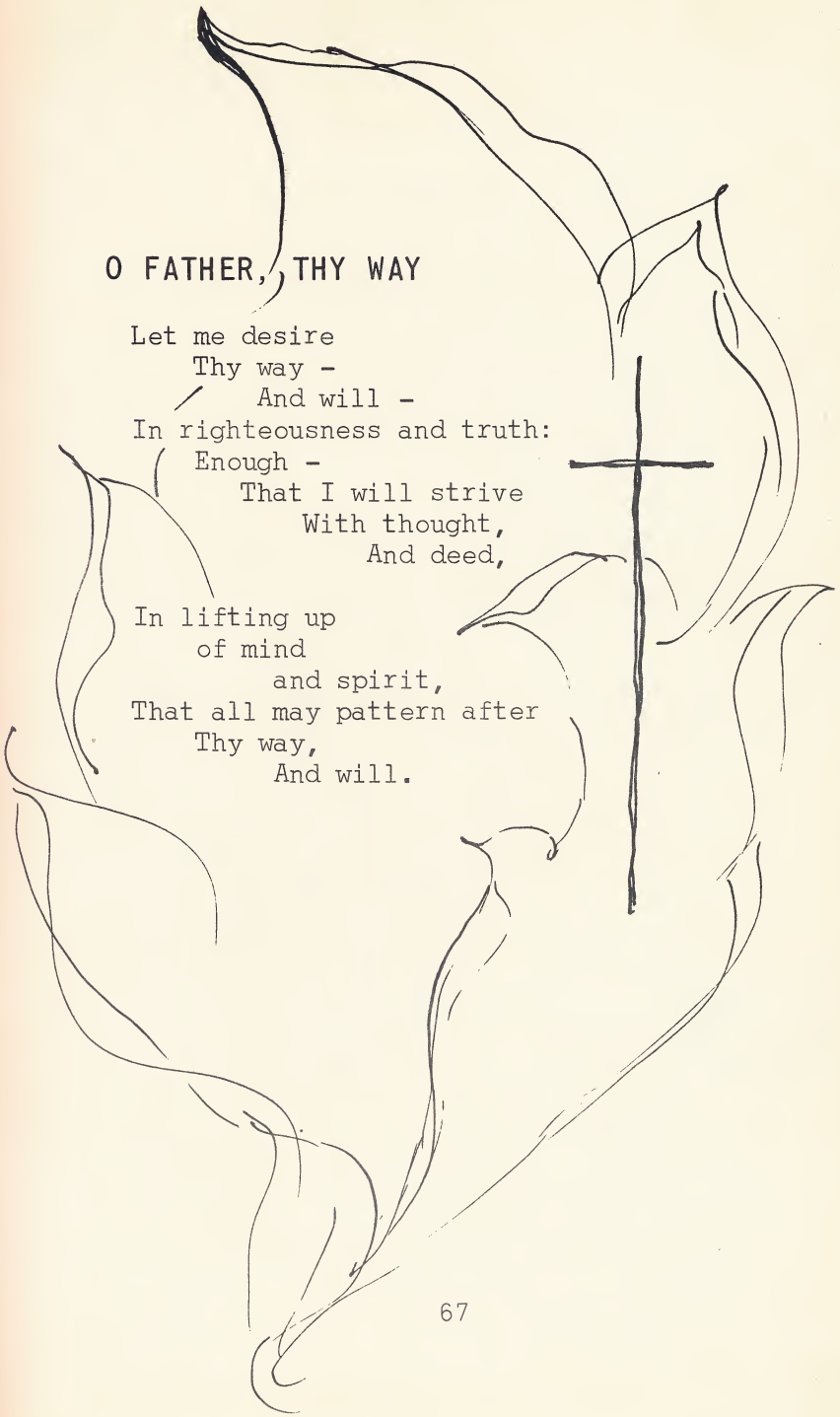
I'm fairly strong,
 quite adequate --
Until -- the dentist
 I a-wait!

NOW LET ME TELL YOU

The one who leaves me
 But half bright,
Is that keen fellow
 Always right!
 I flounder,
My opinions weak;
 He knows all
To hear him speak!

It must be great to be so sure,
But oh! What others must endure!





O FATHER, THY WAY

Let me desire
Thy way -
And will -
In righteousness and truth:
Enough -
That I will strive
With thought,
And deed,

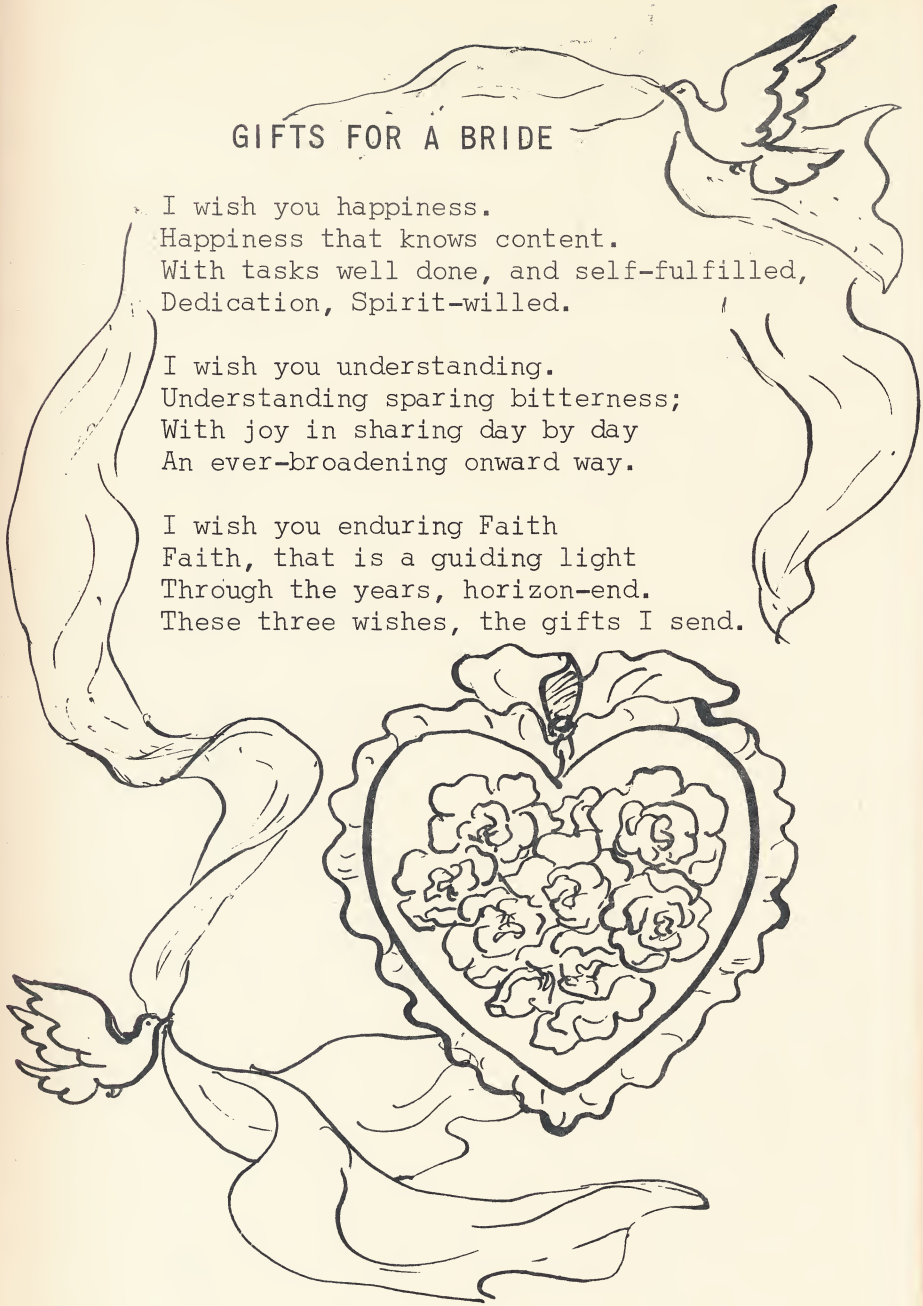
In lifting up
of mind
and spirit,
That all may pattern after
Thy way,
And will.

GIFTS FOR A BRIDE

I wish you happiness.
Happiness that knows content.
With tasks well done, and self-fulfilled,
Dedication, Spirit-willed.

I wish you understanding.
Understanding sparing bitterness;
With joy in sharing day by day
An ever-broadening onward way.

I wish you enduring Faith
Faith, that is a guiding light
Through the years, horizon-end.
These three wishes, the gifts I send.



HELLO-O-O

Hello-o-o, so glad to meet you again.
Oh sure I remember those great days-when-
Yes, we have 2 and how about you?
And what does your friend husband do?
Oh, Jim sells insurance best he can;
Say, here's a picture of Susan and Dan.
Your baby's a dear! Now where do you live?
You no doubt said - my memory's a sieve!
That's nice to hear, though I'm getting gray,
But looks aren't all, I often say.
Goodby. Stop in next time you drive through
And we'll check up to see what's new.

Whew! That was some conversational game;
Her face is familiar, but what is her name?

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT

Lord of all earthly creatures
Great and small;
Lord of the infinite Heavens
Arching over all;
Lord of all growth and harvest,
Of time's cycling stride;
Grant us clearer understanding,
Subdue our futile pride.
Teach us a way of living
That serves Thy will.
May we of lesser talents
Humbly serve Thee still;
Knowing those tasks performed with love
Will serve some fellow soul,
And that Thy all-wise Spirit
Can make us whole.

OUT OF TRIAL

Oh Father, help me learn to say,

I follow now, Your Will, Your Way.

No longer praying, heal me now;

Rebelliousness not to allow.

Acceptance mine, for what will be;

A child submitted unto Thee.

MAGIC

There's magic in a drop of dew;
The hour a friend has shared with you;
The clinging of a small child's hand;
A word that helps one understand.
There's wonder in a prayer to lift
Beyond oneself--oneself a gift.
Your world can never be the same
If to This Magic you lay claim!

ESSENCE

This tiny pool holds
essence clear
Of sky and sun
and brings them near.

Your word of love
supports my heart
And makes it possible
to part.

A GLIMPSE OF GOD

A glimpse of God was mine today
With rose array,
Sun-gilt.

I saw Him for a moment's stay
With blue-winged jay,
Wind-tilt.

A glimpse of God was mine this night
With sky star-heighth,
Mauve-blue.

And I felt close His constant care
With soft breathed prayer
For you!

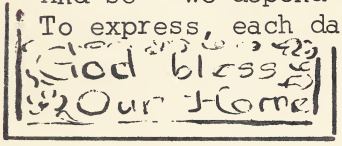
MEMORIES

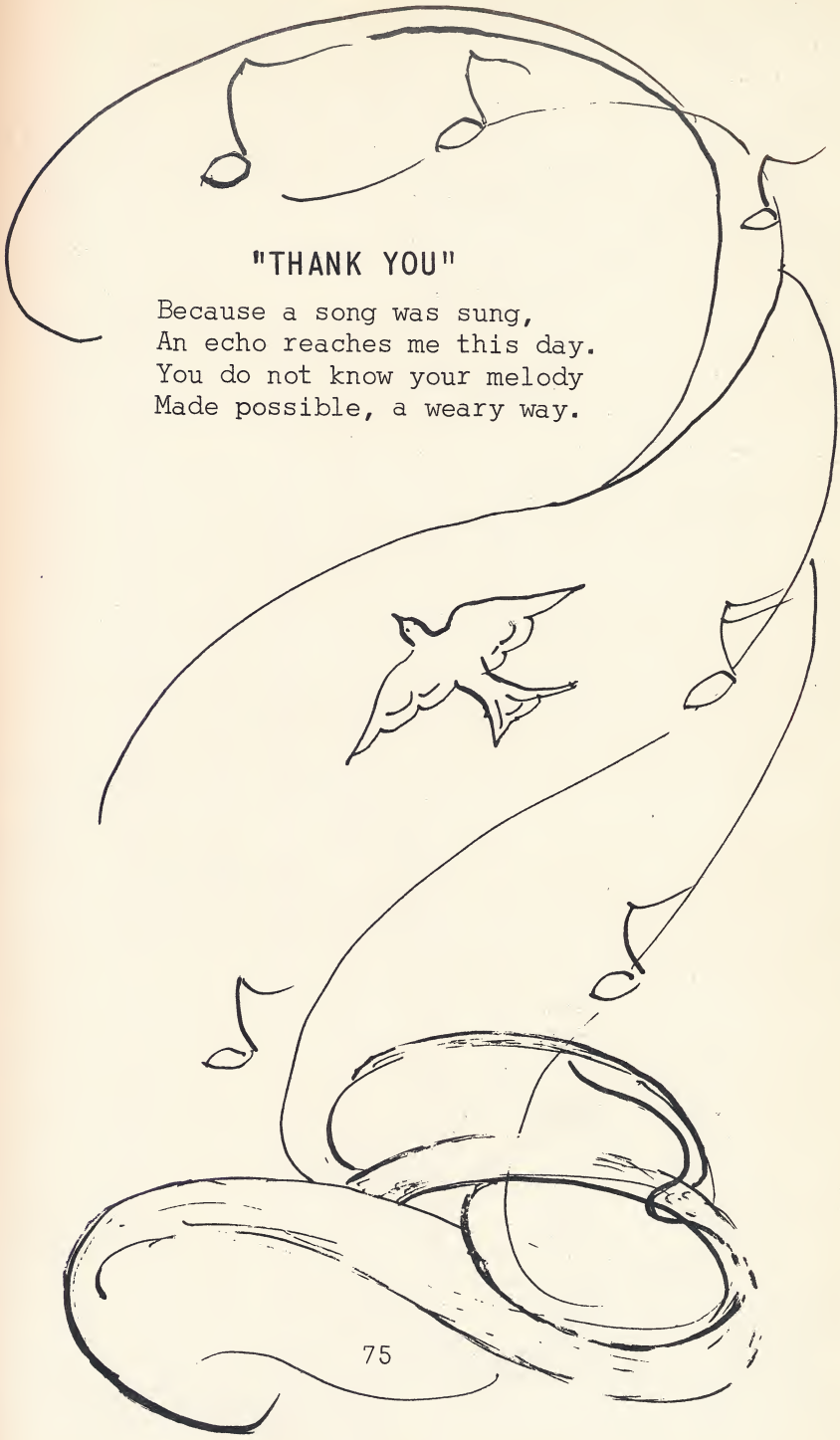
Though only a small blue pitcher
It brings back the long ago;
My Grandma's gentle hands,
The stories she used to know.

Though only a battered toy train,
It brings back a tow-headed boy
With his shouting raucous vim;
To watch him grow, unending joy.

Though only a creaking rocking-chair,
It brings back loving arms;
Soft tones of a Mother's voice,
Securing from all alarms.

And so - we depend on things we touch
To express, each day, what means so much!





"THANK YOU"

Because a song was sung,
An echo reaches me this day.
You do not know your melody
Made possible, a weary way.

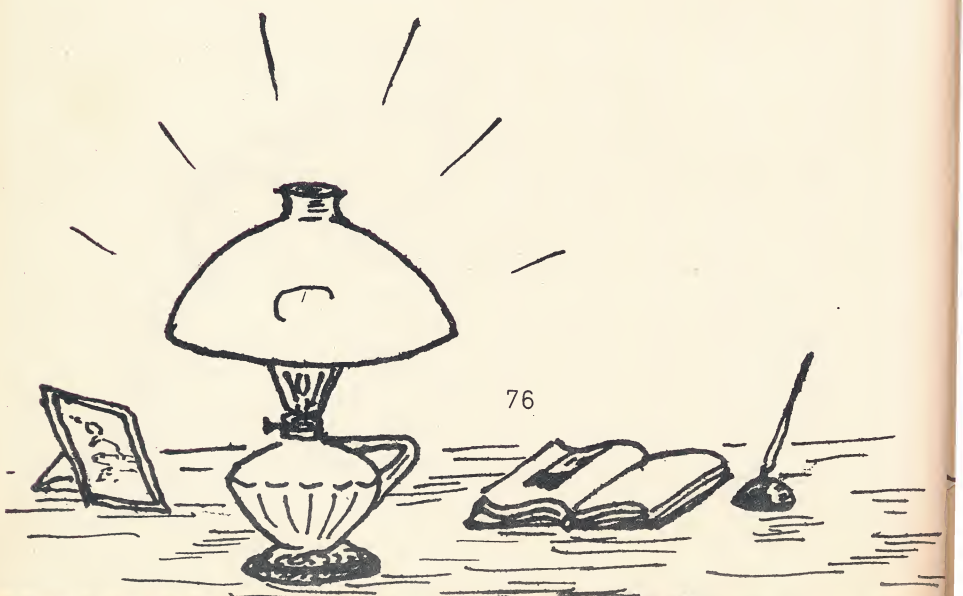


SHARING

So many things are better shared;
A meal, a song, a dream,
A memory of days long gone,
A star's clear and guiding gleam.

So many things are better shared;
The journey of far miles,
A day with sad and desolate hours,
And happy times and smiles.

So many things are better shared;
A room with soft lamp's glow,
The hearth with welcoming and warmth,
The Joy, Love and Faith bestow!



THE PLANTING

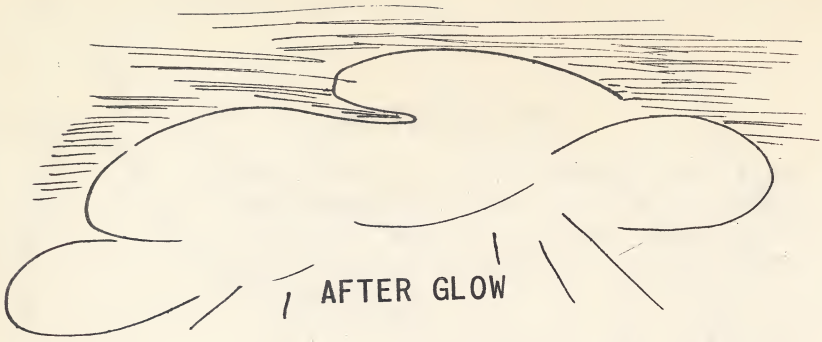
Last week I planted small brown seeds
In moistly rich, black, teeming soil;
I guarded them from pirate weeds;
With prayer, I did this simple toil.

A prayer that I might plant a seed
Of words, to blossom softly bright
Within a heart in desperate need,
For flowers of Hope grow Heaven's height.

A prayer that I might plant a seed
Of love, to dwell within a life,
For Love can grow into the deed
Of kindness, easing pain and strife.

A prayer that I might plant a seed
Of Faith, within a longing soul,
For Faith can thrive and fully feed
The want for God, that makes life whole!





AFTER GLOW

The Light diffuses, softly gold,

A treasure we would closely hold

Heart-bound, so that some grey day

When magic does not know our way

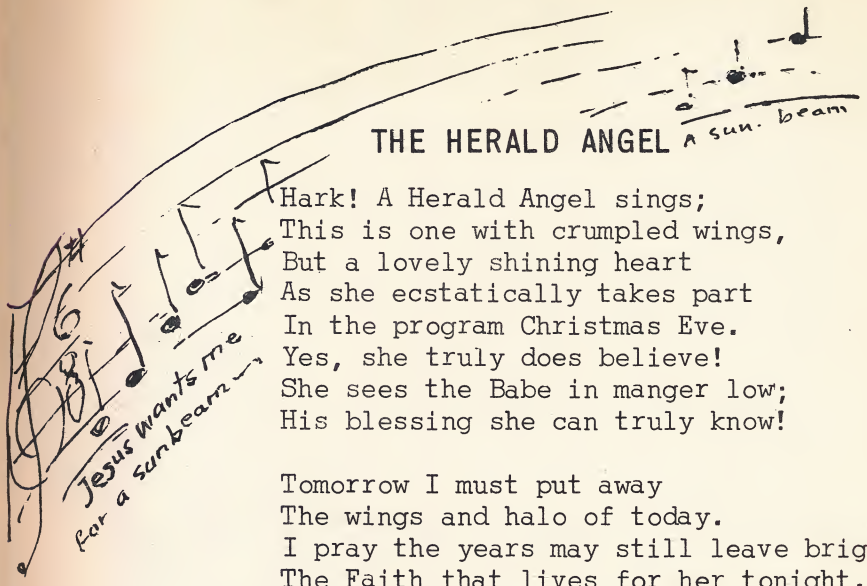
We shall draw upon our store

Of beauty shared (so increased more.)

And we will clearly, humbly know

Memories' radiant After glow!





THE HERALD ANGEL

Hark! A Herald Angel sings;
This is one with crumpled wings,
But a lovely shining heart
As she ecstatically takes part
In the program Christmas Eve.
Yes, she truly does believe!
She sees the Babe in manger low;
His blessing she can truly know!

Tomorrow I must put away
The wings and halo of today.
I pray the years may still leave bright
The Faith that lives for her tonight.

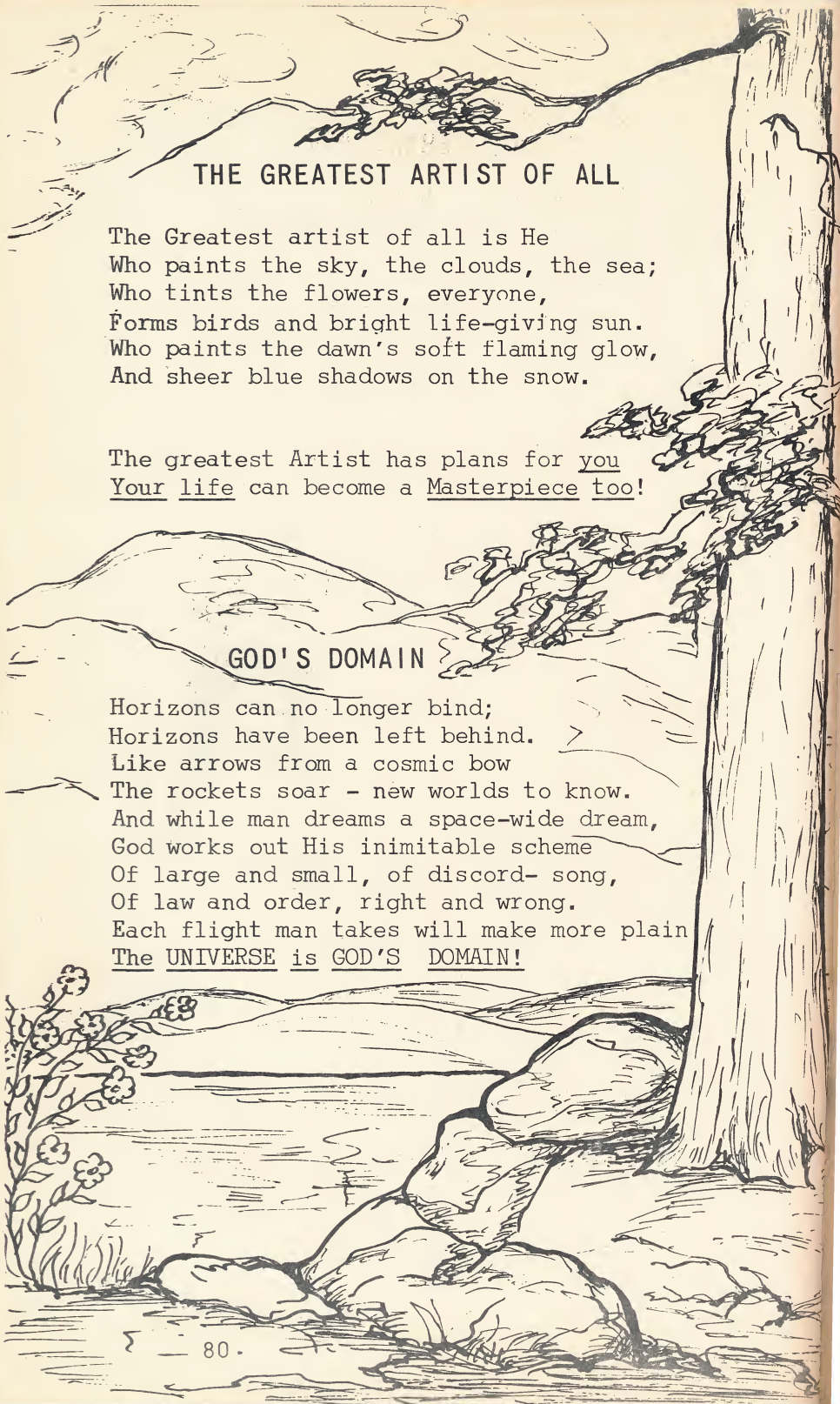


THE CHERUB CHOIR

The angel chorus glorified
The joyous coming of our Lord,
And spheres sang out, "Praise be to God
For this His Son, the Living Word."

Then as a reverence held the earth,
Wee happy cherubs gathered near
To sing a loving lullaby
To Baby Jesus, pure and dear.

Of course, I cannot really know;
I only think this to be so.



THE GREATEST ARTIST OF ALL

The Greatest artist of all is He
Who paints the sky, the clouds, the sea;
Who tints the flowers, everyone,
Forms birds and bright life-giving sun.
Who paints the dawn's soft flaming glow,
And sheer blue shadows on the snow.

The greatest Artist has plans for you
Your life can become a Masterpiece too!

GOD'S DOMAIN

Horizons can no longer bind;
Horizons have been left behind.
Like arrows from a cosmic bow
The rockets soar - new worlds to know.
And while man dreams a space-wide dream,
God works out His inimitable scheme
Of large and small, of discord- song,
Of law and order, right and wrong.
Each flight man takes will make more plain
The UNIVERSE is GOD'S DOMAIN!

THE NEED

Each Child Should have a place his own
That he may know his soul - alone;
Some hill to climb, where - being high -
Become a part of wind and sky!

Each child should know some creature small
That he may wonder at them all.
And he must have the arms of love
To understand the Lord above!

Each one of us - a child indeed ;
O Father - it is Thee we need!



DEAR DAUGHTER

This I dream and pray for you:
Love's bright and lifted wings,
Clear judgment and a heart that sings,
Hope, and a worthy task to do,
Strength to meet life's challenge, true
To the soul-satisfaction only
Faith brings.

And then, a small hand to clasp
Your hand some day,
The hand of your daughter, to
Share your way!

ONLY WITH YOUR COMING

I built a precious Sanctum
Within the confines of my heart
Where I might cherish lovely things
And let all else depart.

Then -- ever was there music,
And colors, rich and rare;
But only with <u>Your Coming</u>
Was Love's Radiance there!

SPENDING

Spend me a dollar--what do I get?
Some pretty thing to have or to let,

Spend me an hour, what do I get?
A companion I'll not soon forget.

Spend me a smile and what do I get?
A friend so very well met!

Spend me some Love--and what do I get?
Joyful day--and true fulfillment!

WHY, O WHY?

Baby-dumpling, sugar plum!

Of my joy you are the sum!

But why, oh why insist on stairs,

And other risky climbing dares!



THE CLOSING

Like patch work quilts color--fabricated;
The hills spread orange, autumn-dated;
Wild geese honk mournful tremulo,
Suggesting mysteries man cannot know.

One more year ebbs in transcient blaze,
Surfeited soon with hovering haze.
Completion, old truths known, yet new;
One's own destiny passes in review.

And with this echoing of days
I hear <u>your</u> <u>voice</u> from distant ways
And weep, although some comfort find,
As Memories both bless and bind!



SUN SET

A song vibrates softly through my heart;
A song with harmonies as part
Of life's far-searching, seeking way,
Of lingering sun-glow, closing day.

Echoed melodies: Long, Long Ago,
Loves Old Sweet Song, and Old Black Joe,
Santa Lucia and Old Zip Coon,
Old hymns, beloved of Word and tune.

All this music of the heart
Fills the shadowed later part
Of the final journey's hill,
Beyond which wait--Valedictory--Thy Will!